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Spell Book

A GUIDE TO SPELLS,
POTIONS, AND HEXES
FOR THE ASPIRING
SALEM WITCH





THE SANDERSON WITCH MUSEUM
FOR RELEASE OCTOBER 15, 1988

FINAL ACQUISITION ARRIVES FROM OLD BURIAL HILL
IN TIME FOR WICKED WITCHES OF SALEM EXHIBIT AT
THE SANDERSON WITCH MUSEUM

This legendary book belonging to the Sanderson coven was just gifted to the Sanderson Witch Museum, which will open on October 31. This final acquisition was found in a crumbling stone wall outside Old Burial Hill and includes potion recipes and spells used by witches dating back to the early 1660s, the last known owner being Winifred Sanderson. It will be featured as a main attraction in the exhibit, along with the Black Flame Candle, but will be placed under glass to dissuade guests from opening its pages and delving into its dark and ill-fated contents.

For researchers looking inside this book, please do not attempt any of the practices mentioned in this text. The Sanderson Witch Museum cannot be held accountable for misfortunes that trying these rituals may bring about.

Yours sincerely,

Rachel Watts

R. Watts

Museum Director

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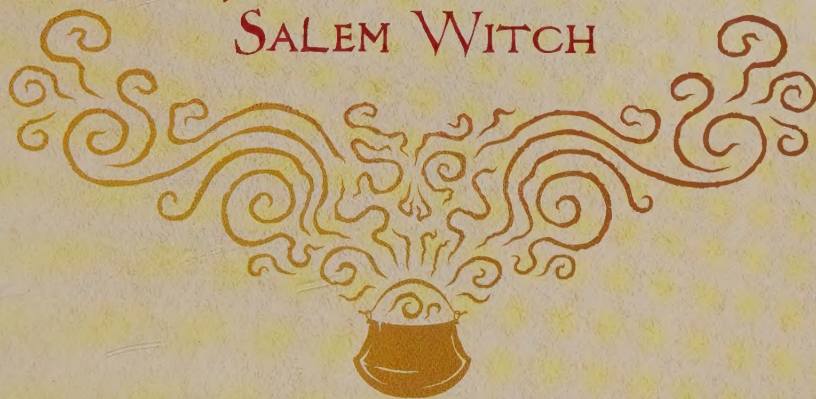
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Spell Book

A GUIDE TO SPELLS, POTIONS,
AND HEXES FOR THE ASPIRING
SALEM WITCH



*Property of Winifred Sanderson
31st of October 1660*

Stay out of my book, you little brats!

Written by Eric Geron



LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK

Master's Pact



A MOST MIRACULOUS
WELCOME TO
THE WORLD OF
WITCHCRAFT.

Why, thank thee, Master!

Master doth solemnly promise to aid thee on thy mystic path to power. Within this ancient tome duly bestowed, thou hast been entrusted to practice the crafting of potions and draughts, and the vocalizing of chants, invocations, hexes, curses, spells, and songs set forth within. These pages shall reveal what thou most seekest, with magick to torment when there is havoc to wreak. Be most patient, for it hath often taken decades for even the most skilled witches to grasp the contents of the book.

I shall be thine advocate.

Pledge of Secrecy

Thou hast dedicated thy life to witchcraft, with thy work
coveted above all else as with thine ancestors of witches
who have come before. Thy sacrifice for solitude and focus
will be worth an eternity of glory. To invoke the path of
eternal promise, utter now this sacred vow:

Travel in moonlight, cloak, smoke, shadow, and shade.
Thy journey beginneth now that thy course is set.
Thou must cloak thy truth as thou cloak'st thy blade
and duly vow to keep thy true self secret.

I am a rustle of leaves, a shadow with no form,
A mighty fire with no smoke found to stoke a swarm,
A strange birdsong, a memory that disappears,
A shifting shape, a name lost on lips and ears.
A ripple o'er blue rolling wave,
A flash past window-sill,
A titter causing horse to bray,
A dim chanting o'er hill.

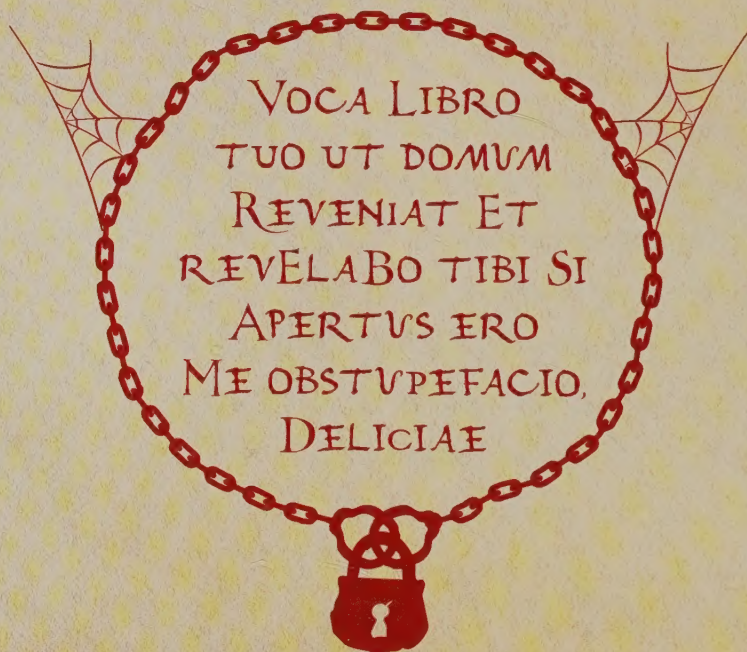
As cloud wreaths moon, may this oath be
a coronet thou shalt don with pride.

Tis the highest honor.

Promise from Thy Spell Book

If ever mine eye doth wake to find us apart **Noooo!**
Whether or not I am pried from thine hand or thy stand
My dark pages shall fast unfurl to illuminate
A pillar of brightest golden light, a most divine strand.

The Incantation to Bind Yourself to This Book:



*The mere thought of being parted from my
darling book is the most tragic sorrow.*

Message from Thy Spell Book

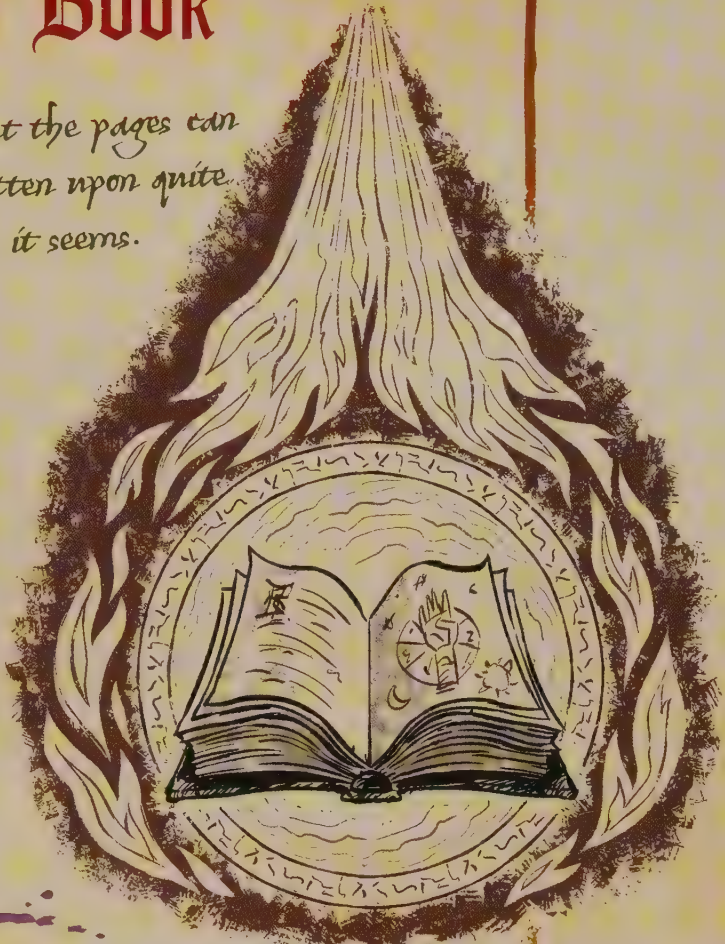
MY PAGES CAN BE NEITHER BURNT NOR CHARRED

Yes, but the pages can be written upon quite nicely, it seems.

NOR RIPPED NOR
DEFILED NOR SLASHED
NOR SCARRED *

MY PAGES MAGICCKLY
TRANSFORM FOR THEE

TO REFLECT
AND TRANSCRIBE
THY HISTORY



A book! A book! A book!

I can read! And write! 'Tis a miracle!

It appears the spell book's pages are not impervious to kitten-paw soup stains. . . . Sorry, Winnie.

**I hath learnt my book hast a tongue of fire
against those who wouldst do it harm.*



Proavae Maleficae

Domi Sanderson

Gunnild

Merck

Terrowin

E. Podbury

Cassius

Zane

Gavin



Alric

Thea

Splendor

Gwen

Odelina

Cecily

Emma

Isolde

Eve

Druscilla

Hadrian

Mathilda

John

Mary

Winifred

Sarah

Amice

Brom

Rolf

Frances

Winifred Sanderson

ELDEST SANDERSON SISTER

I prefer "wisest" Sanderson sister, thank you very much.

Winnie the Wicked, born long in the tooth
 Simpering, whimpering babe steeped in gloom.
 Red hair like flame, thou desirest eternal youth,
 Arise now, fire bright'ning with lightning. Grasp broom!
 Long-toothed Winnie! Ratty-haired Winnie!
 Wild-eyed Winnie! It really hurteth my feelings!

There, there, Winnie . . . Wouldst thou allow me to hold thee?

Thou cast cunning paths of smoke-wisp and bone
 While shrouded in warm garbs of envy green,
 Wakest those long-lost souls whose mouths were sewn
 Most wicked leader—clever, crude, and mean.

This cursed coven is indeed my brainchild.

Mmm . . . Brain . . . Child . . .

Thy strength shall flourish when thy deeds art done.
 But beware an end in stone, dust, and sun. Uh-h.

FULGUR CAELUM DIVIDIT
 ET OMNIA IN VIA DESTRUIT.





Mary Sanderson Hello!

MIDDLE SANDERSON SISTER

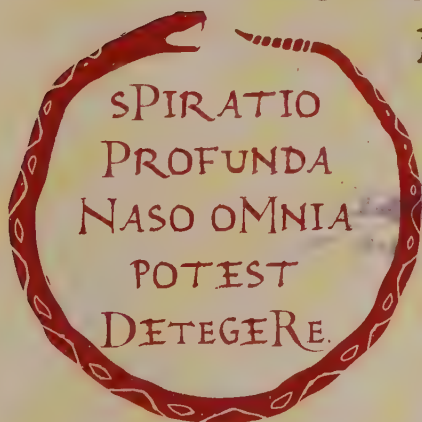
Mary the Malicious, born round and pink
Grumbling, whining babe crying out for milk
Brown locks like mud of pond, nostrils that flare,
Stuck in shadow of sisters who don't care.

It's fine, I'm fine. My sisters love me.

Forever sniffing for unsavory food
While shrouded in orange and disquietude
Barking for victims before fatal bite
A seeking, hungry muse amazingly bright.



Children are
so sweet. I
can eat them
right up!



Bright?! Ha! Mary is but
an addlebrained stockfish.

We are famished! Sniff out
some children, Sister Mary!
Follow thy nose!

'Tis an accurate depiction of me!

I thought I made clear to my doltish sisters to keep
their filthy paws off my book!

Though it does impress to discover Sister Sarah
has the ability to read and write . . .



Sarah Sanderson

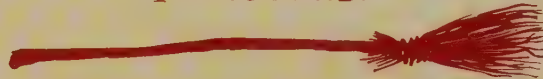
YOUNGEST SANDERSON SISTER

Sarah the Scandalous, born thin and pale
Singing, whispering babe with lucky rat tail
Hair like golden wheat, desiring rav'nous love
Cooing in the passionate sky like a dove

Teasing, tempting, and snaring more than some
While shrouded in silk garbs of sweetest plum
Enchanting dreamers to stumble her way
Boldest temptress—giddy, giggling, and gay.



VOX
CLARA CANIT
SOMNIATORIBUS
IN SOMNIO MALO
PULCHRO.



'Tis I, sisters!





Way of the Red Witch

NOW 'TIS TIME TO FULFILL
THY ROLE AS WITCH.

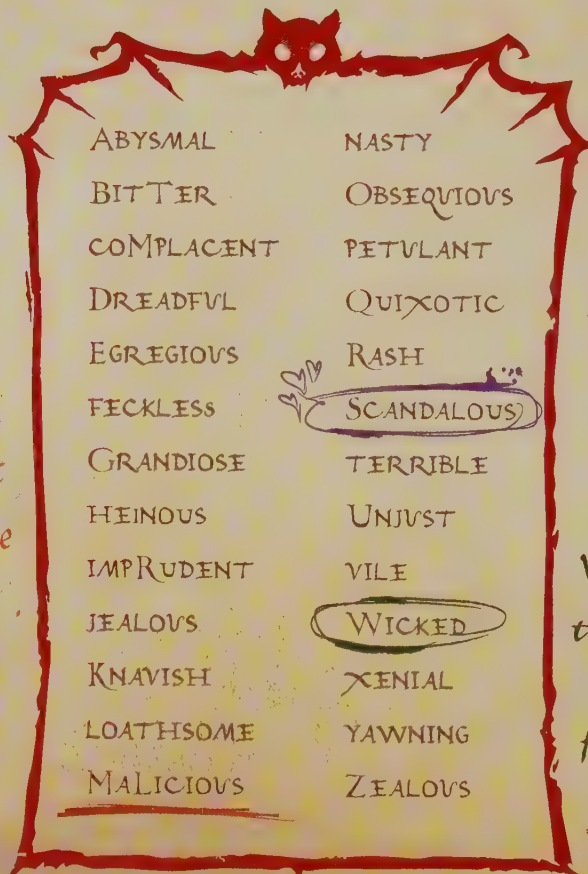
How doth one step fully into the life of a Red Witch? Thou must learn the name and color that burneth within thee, the rites and rules of thy coven, the garbs and objects of immense powers. Inside this section thou wilt discover how to establish thy secret abode and how to brew enchanted dishes. These things will help thee uncover the legends of olde, and keep the gleam on the Sanderson Legacy.

Name of Inner Flame

Find thy title to enhance thy true nature
To strike icy fear with nomenclature
To enchant beating hearts to melt or freeze
To bewitch stomachs to lurch and seize

Combine thy first name with a word below
of the same first letter to create thy witchy title,
And keep this one name on the tip of thy tongue.

*Malicious?
But I haven't
a malicious bone
in my body...
only the bones
of our prey.*



ABYSMAL	NASTY
BITTER	OBSEQUIOUS
COMPLACENT	PETULANT
DREADFUL	QUIXOTIC
EGREGIOUS	RASH
FECKLESS	SCANDALOUS
GRANDIOSE	TERRIBLE
HEINOUS	UNJUST
IMPRUDENT	VILE
JEALOUS	WICKED
KNAVISH	XENIAL
LOATHSOME	YAWNING
MALICIOUS	ZEALOUS

*"Sarah the
Scandalous"
I love it!!!*

*I am
Winifred
the Wicked!
How
fitting!*

Truest Hue

Choose a color to represent thy core
To lace in boot and hood, cloak and more
To represent the pure hue of thy pith
To magnify thine energy herewith.

*Orange is my color.
I am a greedy dolt.*

Keep this one color close and in abundance:

RED—Deceptive, Evasive,
Illusionary

ORANGE—Greedy,
Hungry, Doltish

YELLOW—Wrathful,
Vengeful, Bitter

GREEN—Prideful, Strong,
Envious

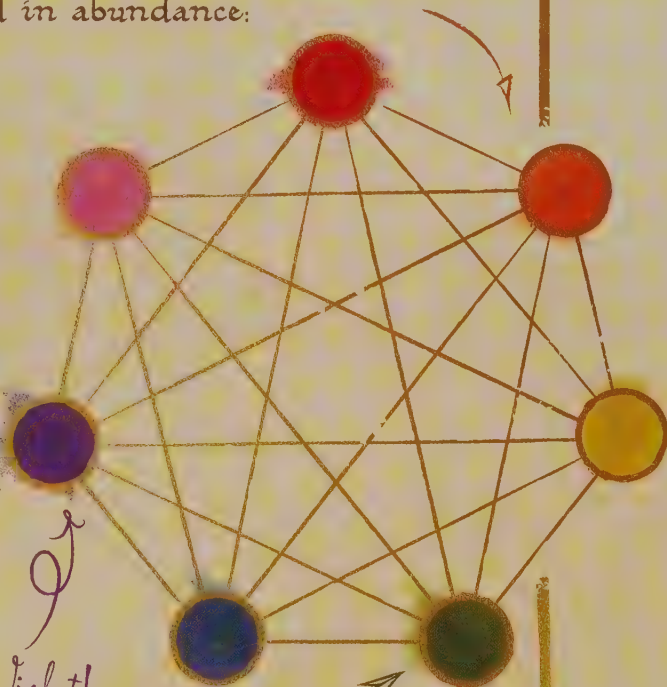
BLUE—Mercurial,
Clandestine, Mysterious

VIOLET—Passionate,
Frivolous, Whimsical

PINK—Brutish,
Tenacious, Solid

*Violet!
Though
it does very
little for my
complexion!*

*I obviously
choose green,
the color of
POWER!*



Wheel of the Red Witch

Before learning spells, connect with a letter from the Wheel of the Red Witch:

B—Befuddlement *What does this mean, sisters?
I am terribly confused!*

C—Compassion

D—Desperation *I am desperate for
Winnie's validation.
Did I write that? Oops!*

E—Emptiness

F—Fright

G—Glee

H—Humiliation

I—Infuriation *I obviously connect most
with this letter.*

K—Keenness

Use your word from the Wheel in your spells to infuse thy magick with its truculent and turmoiled charge.





Rites of the Red Witch

Thou hast revered the day you became a witch, the day thou chose thy name and color. Thou hast lauded the Master, mourned thy mother's fading cackle.

Thy powers will become heightened with each potion brewed, with each spell cast.

Ev'ry month, host a day of manifestation for thy continued growth, and gratitude for thy blooming fruits of darkness, for the fire and brimstone running richly through thy blood.

Thou must honor and celebrate
the various stages of being
an ascending witch:

WITCH: WE DRESS IN FINEST CLOAKS.

WITCH: WE JOIN HANDS IN A CIRCLE.

WITCH: WE CHANT FOR OUR WISDOM.

*Our witchcraft will bear fruit!
Every boy will adore me!!!*

Siblinghood of the Red Witch

Lightning in your hot blood,
magick in your boiling brew.
The legacy of the Red Witch
liveth now within you.

Ye have devoted your lives
for your inhuman shield
Your bonds forever fastened,
your fates forever sealed.

Take up your fiery mantles
and blaze the twisted yew
The power of the red flame
shineth valiantly for you.



Becoming a Red Witch
hast been most worthwhile, wouldn't you say, sisters?

Power of the Coven

Being part of a coven nurtur eth the power inside

When thou harness est thy craft with siblings
firm by thy side.

Magick flowing swiftly in blood and bone worketh together

As one witch stoopeth or leaneth to hold up
the other's tether. *I live to serve thee, my dearest sister Winnie.*

Join hands and ranks as one to steel your intended design

As words, spells, and paths weave to form
an unbreakable twine. *I miss my lucky rat tail.*
Where have I left it this time?

Come rigor, vigor, pain, or disdain—lead the winning way

For the coven followeth the call of one without delay.

Thou art part of this lifelong path, this steep-fated game

As thou continu est thy legacy and honorest thy name.

*I wish to leave my doltish sisters in the dust and strike
out on my own! Alas . . . I must do as the book says.*



Raiment of the Red Witch

Thou shalt adorn thy temple
 With ring, boot, and striped sock
 With wand, broom, and velvet frock
 With corset cloak of river,
 With pointed hood and silver
 With wand, belt, skirt, and necklace
 With embroidered robes fleckless
 To reflect thine inner being.

*One is never truly dressed
 without contempt on one's tongue.*

*And a warm cloak of lightweight material.
 'Tis a hard garb to come by!*



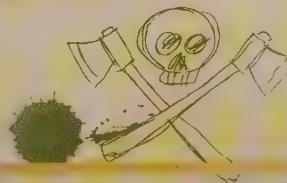
*And a most flattering bodice to
 capture even the most trained eye!*

8th of June 1661

I have noticed witch hunters have begun to gather in the towns, sisters! We must be wary. Take note of their appearance below.

Raiment of Witch Hunters:

- Black robes
- Axes to chop wood
- * Do not let them near!



Amulets of Arcane

Amass these engraved charms with marks most mystical, with crystals and gemstones lodged, to adorn thy flesh, to forbid thy foes, to buttress thy magick.

NECKLACE OF MIGHT—With drops of Obscene Obsidian, this necklace when rested across sternum bringeth surplus of confidence.

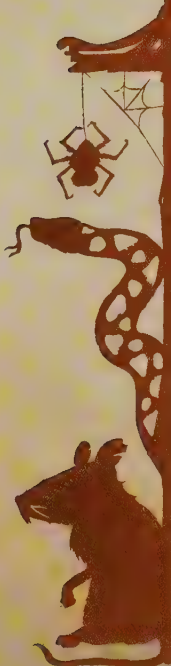
BUCKLE OF MALICE—Polished tablets of Endless Emerald set within twining fiery snakes clasp together to close, and direct animosity when worn upon waist.

RING OF AMPLIFICATION—Silver band holding Querulous Quartz channels and amplifies deep inner magick.

CUFF OF ACCURACY—Gold studded with Ashen Amethyst, this cuff ensures spells cast have desired effect.

PENDANT OF SIGHT—Embedded with Grisly Garnet, born from the mouth of the Gift Horse, this silver pendant gives ability to see what is unseen.

*I wear each with pride. My bear, Billy, says
they suit me well, and I quite agree.*



& Talismans of Vice

RUIN OF MIM—Tablet of carved stone, this talisman cloaketh thee with the appearance of an owl.

NAUTILUS OF DISCORD—Shell purloineth the voice of thy victim to store within its spiral husk.

GOLDEN SCARAB BEETLE—Golden beetle halves, when joined, open caverns of forbidden entry.

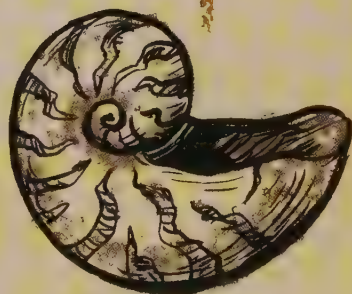
GHASTLY TALISMAN—Pendant taketh a pinch of blood to transform shadows into wraiths.

LAMP OF MAGICK—Of gold and oil, this lamp sheddeth light to illuminate thy wish.

*I would store away Sister Sarah's voice if
we did not require it to lure children.*

*My singing voice is unmatched!
Just ask Billy. He can listen
to me sing for hours!*

*Billy, Billy, a gentle lad.
Billy, Billy, a dapper cad. ♪
Billy, Billy, wiggle thy toes.
Billy, Billy, nobody knows!*



Tail of Rat

GOOD LUCK CHARM



From vermin squalid and slick
Carrying flea, tick, and sick,
A tail most wormlike to chew
For halcyon times anew.

My lucky rat tail!

I found it! It was right where I left it! In the loft above the door!

Works like a charm!

And still has its tangy flavor! Mmm!

Flayed Tongue of Adder

ABUNDANCE OF FORTUNE

Snake of charm with coils black
 From its fangs a forked tongue slack
 To plant in soil dry as bone
 For bounty sown and prize new-grown.



*I did as Winnie instructed
 and planted the tongue for good fortune,
 but all it seemed to do was sprout
 the most unsightly mushrooms . . .
 which went well with my carcass pot pie.*

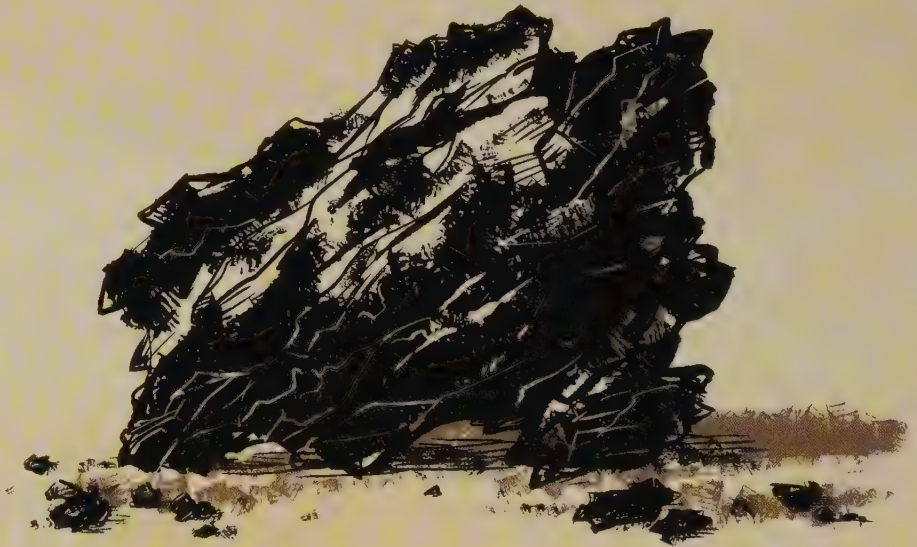


Jagged Black Coal

ENDLESS MISFORTUNE

A stone webbed in dark fate
Lustrous with loss and dire strait
A charm to mar, char, and scar
For light rays thou wishest most to bar.

Marvelous! I shall use this coal on those miserable townsfolk.



*That will teach them to mind their business
and stop nosing around our woods.*

Yeah! Nosing around is MY job!

Fang of Dire Mole

WITHERING CROPS



From thine hole of dusk and din
Wrinkle-faced with cursed grin
From its maw a fang cobalt
To blight the earth as if with salt.

Oooh, this would explain why the herb garden withered.

*I must have dropped it when Sister Sarah bumped
me while dancing.*

*Thou art always getting in the way
of my frolicking, Sister Mary.*

Relics of Repute

The relics of Red Witches of Yore connect thee to thy past. May the relics inspire thy spellcasting and magick thine intentions and purpose, thy fated calling in the Red Legacy.

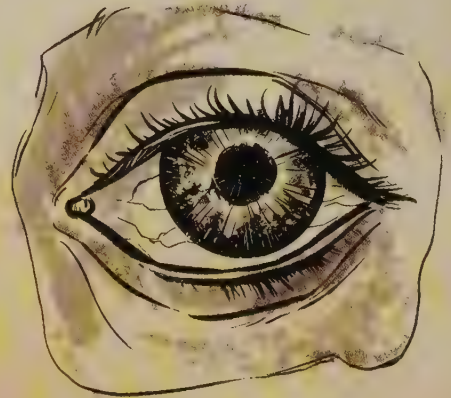


VEIL OF MATHILDA PICARDY
Torn from Mathilda's burial place,
The linen cloth beareth her face.

*Such a clever little witch . . .
but not clever enough,
unfortunately for her.*

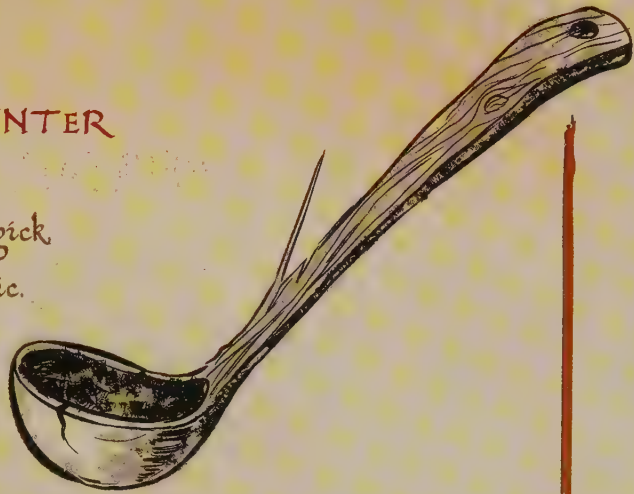
EYE OF AMICE HARVEY
Eye for an eye duly plucked,
Pressed into thy book's construct.

*Traitorous troll!
He had it coming!*



CAULDRON-SPOON SPLINTER
OF FRANCES HARVEY

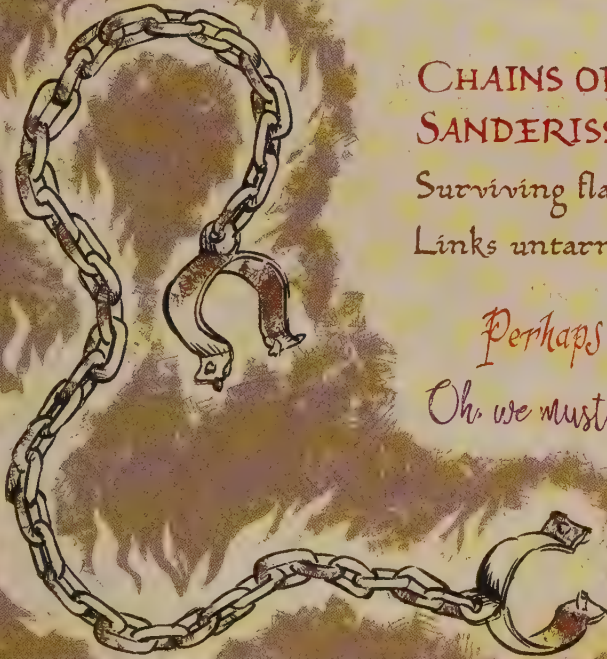
Splinter with a wealth of magick,
Traced from a life most tragic.



CHAINS OF CECILY
SANDERISSON

Surviving flame and harsh exile,
Links untarnished from the trial.

*Perhaps witches cannot burn!
Oh, we mustn't find out, Sister.*



These tales fill me with such sweet sorrow.

Cheer up, Winnie. Thou wouldst have made them most proud.

Scepters of Standing

DARK FAIRY SCEPTER

Used to curse with thorns of fear,
Twisted staff and emerald sphere.

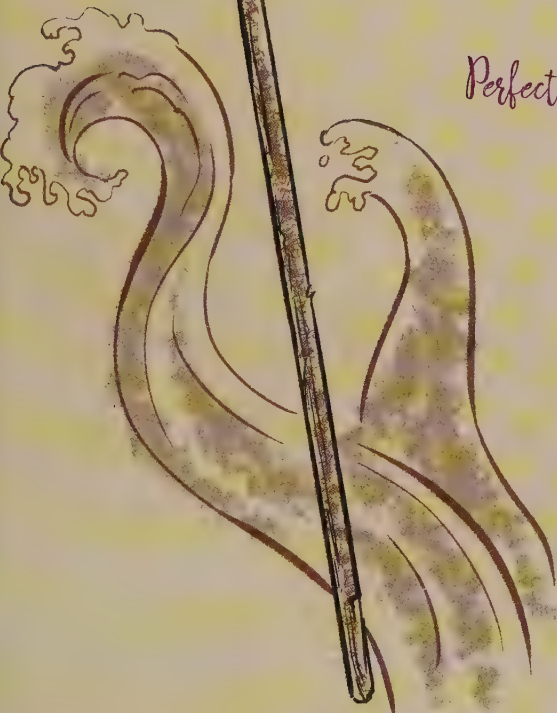




SEA WITCH TRIDENT

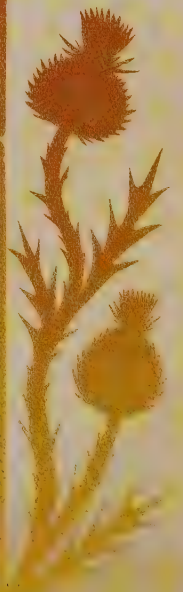
Used to rule the ocean cold,
Three-pronged rod of stormy gold.

Perfect for prodding Mary's backside!



SORCERER SNAKE STAFF

Used to trick and hypnotize,
Head of cobra, ruby eyes.





Broom of the Red Witch

Filch sturdy branch of oak or of pine
To whittle and carve, burnish and shine;
Next, bind twigs to the end with string
Rudder for sailing, and now thou wilt cling.
On stick lightweight, catch wind and fly,
And cut through downy cloud high in the sky.

I find a new broom flies clean.

*I use mine to sweep things
under the rug! That is, when
Winnie isn't sweeping me aside.*

Broom, ho!

I hope someone sweeps me off my feet!





Familiars of the Red Witch

To assist thee with thy magickal practices, the Master doth provide a familiar to each Red Witch. These loyal spirits take many forms: The red-eyed rat for spying on thy behalf. The sticky-footed toad for finding thy lost items. The fanged owl to fetch thy parcels. The hellion hare to guide thy daily actions. The black hound to guard thy cottage and protect thy life-force.

Choose which familiar doth best suit thy needs.

Once seasoned and sage, thou wilt be able to transform into an animal familiar thyself, be it white mouse, brown marten, black cat, yellow bird, hen, or hawk.

BIRDS—Migration, perches and pines

BEETLES—Spying, secretive and out of sight



I have a terrible allergy to familiar dander.

I break out in these horrible hives on my neck that I can't seem to stop scratching, and it lasts for a good week at least.



CATS—Light feet, stealth and silence

DOGS—Safety, glaring and growling *Grrrrrr!*

EELS—Aquatic ease, winding and weaving

OWLS—Power in patience, swooping and snatching

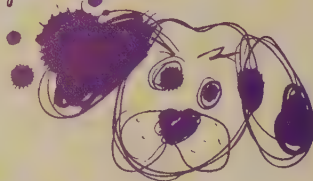
MOTHS—Aflutter, swift
and small

RATS—Condensed,
wriggling and scampering

I want a puppy!

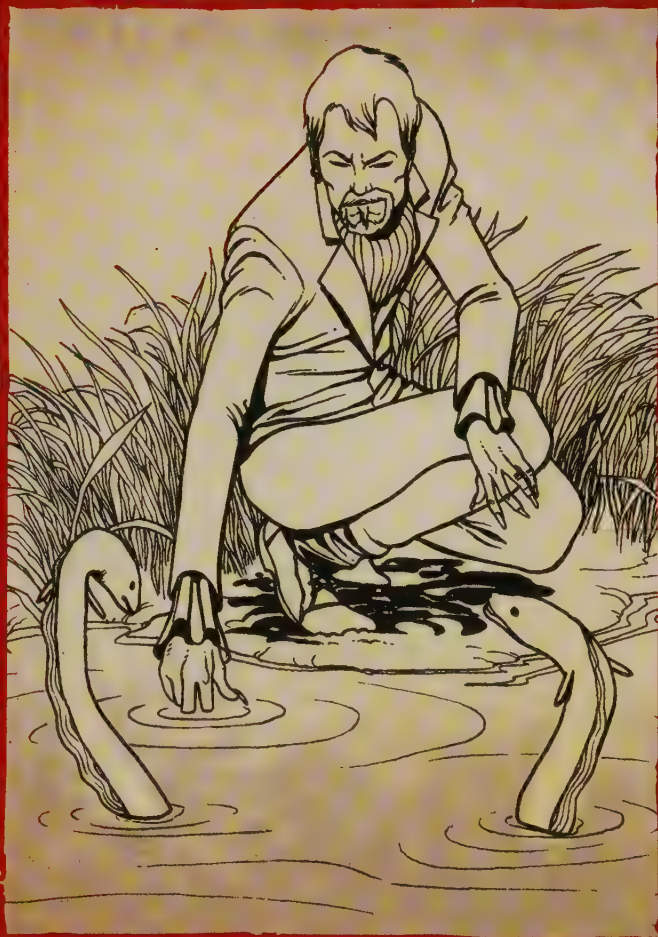
Please, Winnie?

Let me play with one!



*Ugh. Feral, flea-bitten
miscreants have no place here!*

*Besides, we already
have Mary and her
incessant barking.*







Abode of the Red Witch

NOW WITH POWERFUL RITES
ESTABLISHED, 'TIS TIME TO SET
UP THY WITCH'S ABODE.

Thou needest an abode to gather together
as a coven. Traverse to glen or vale with
the thump of paw and call of crow, past the
rushing of brackish water over large stones,
through the shade of ferns fast unfurling.
Ensure none will be able to find thee as thy
coven meets beneath full moon. Clearings of
trees reveal more than stars. Keep this place
sacred and secret.

Secret!

Secret!

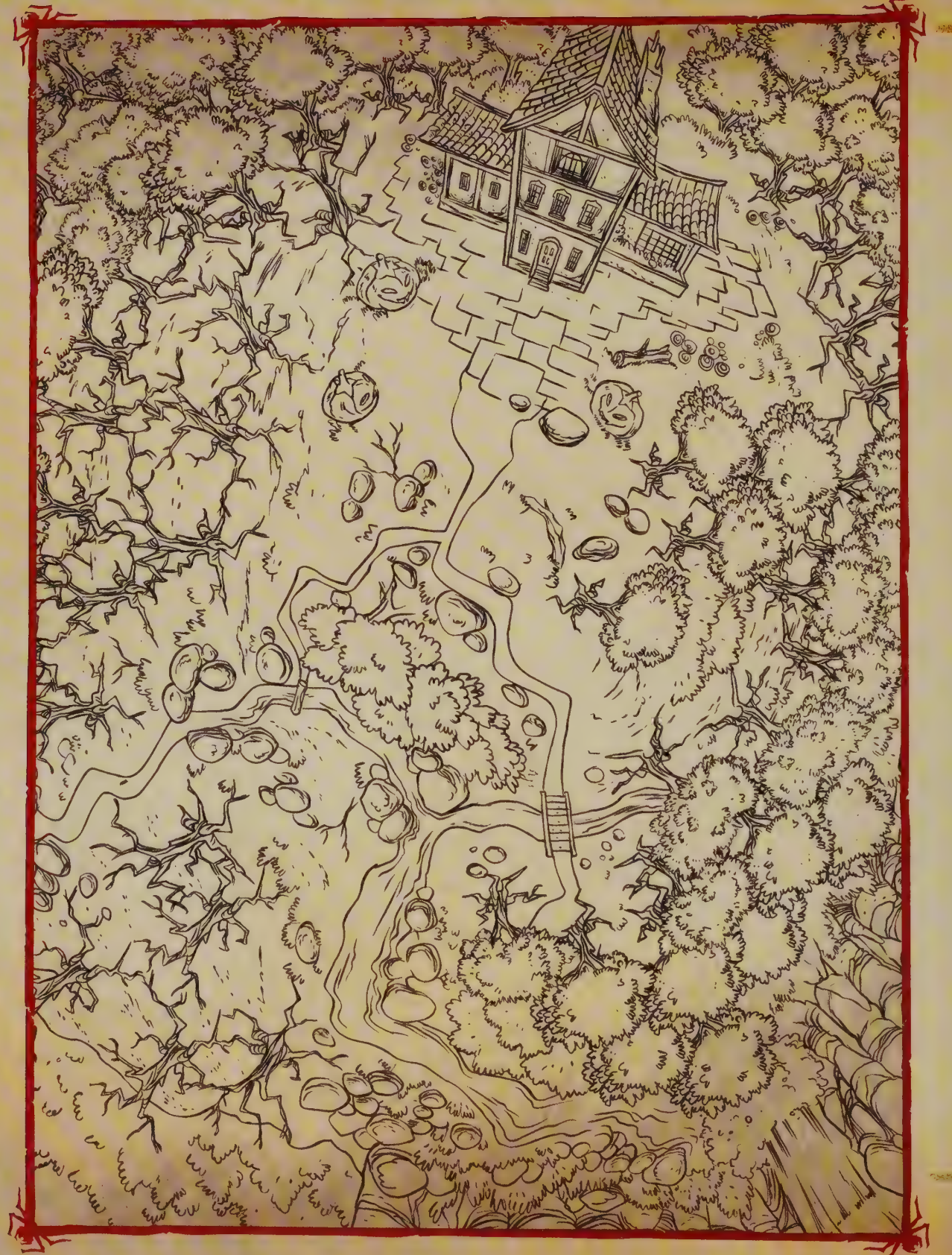
I have a secret!





Map of Salem





Witching Woods

Trees, shrubs, bushes, and flowers of the woods provide vital ingredients for magickal brews incomplete. Pick, pluck, and pilfer seeds, fruits, stems, and stalks for thy witchy biddings. Study the movements and forms of beasts of feather and fur until they become as one with thy blood. The land thou chose to be thy witching woods will have all thou needest. Thou shalt be the only one able to find thy way within. Reclused in thy dark and giving Witching Woods, thou art home.

*Ah, my place of peace and quiet to concentrate—
when my blundering sisters are not fending.*



Clandestine Cottage

Once deep in the woods,
as not to be found,

By a stream that winds
and weaves underground,

But also close by *And close enough*
to village and town, *to lure a child!*

To spy and watch and
stalk around,

*We love having
children over for
dinner. . . .*

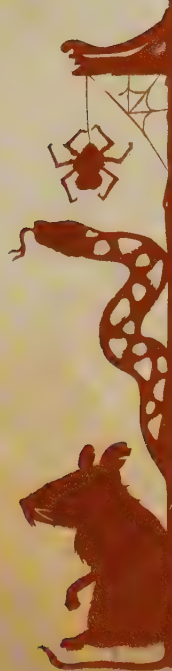
Find a spot in the woods
to call thine own,

To build a cottage quaint
with stick and stone.

Inside, a vaulted room
to cast and cook,

Rafters, shelves, and
latticed windows to look

*And a loft upstairs
for bedding!*







Mirthful Hearth

Like how the bird gathereth twigs for its nest,
Collect woody broom, cupboard, crate, and chest,
A fire to stoke, black cauldron to fill,
Spoons for stirring, cups heaped high with swill,
A stand for thy book, candles on thy sill,
Iron cages for birds from which to trill,
A staff or stick, a chair from which to eat,
Ropes to restrain enemies, a vial, a sheet.

Extra-strength!

8th of November 1663

Since settling in Salem, we have started luring
children our way so we might practice our spells.

Sniff out more of the brats, Sister!

Yes, Winnie. Mmm . . . Young blood . . .

My mouth is watering already.

I shall work my magick
and prance to town to collect them!



The Altar

Erect a table of maple, oak or pine
To powder root, crush nut and seed, and clip vine
To lay down thy cloth and magick possessions
To dress with shriveled flowers of thy sessions
To adorn with artifacts of the caster
For the dark work of the eternal Master.

I have left more than a few at the altar, sisters!



Altar Tools



Clear the altar of all, till bare
Now place water cup, strand of hair
Next fix stick of sturdy black oak
Then lay rotten egg without yolk

I shall let my
nosy sister
bother with
the table
preparations.

*Of course, Winnie. Sorry, Winnie.
Right away!*

And I shall dance about the table!

Black Cauldron Magick

*There is nothing like wafting the woodsy
smell of a fresh batch of cauldron brew!*

Witches require a portly vessel in which to churn their bewitching brews, their simmering stews, and their percolating potions. Thy cauldron acteth as a basin to house thy wild'st endeavors.

Make sure thy cauldron be black, and grand, suspended on chain and with flames 'neath for the melting of mixtures and the cooking of enchanted dishes. Keep the largest main cauldron at room center and others along the wall.

Our main cauldron is hard to clean after.
Not that I would know. I leave the dirty work to Mary,
that frowzy fopdoodle. Sisters, let us brew a new plot!

*I have found good old water and vinegar make
for an effective cleaner.*





Vial Things

Prepare thine home for the infusing and seeping of potions. Gather stocks of ingredients, stores of jars and bottles to brim, thine own private rations. Brews . . . Elixirs . . . Spells . . .

Gather to thyself the plants, herbs, insects, and animals of thy Witching Woods. Create oils, essences, and tinctures fundamental for any witch to possess.

Vials of things for vile things of thy wile . . .



Vial Things



ARROWROOT

ANTENNAE OF ANT

ANCHOVY

*My bear, Billy,
just gifted me
with a new stock.*

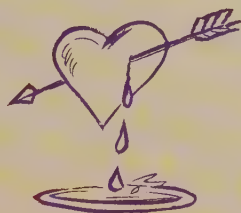
*What a faithful gentleman.
And most generous...*



BLEEDING HEART

BLOWFLY

BUCKTHORN OIL



CASTOR OIL

CRABAPPLE

CROCODILE JAW

Crabapple-and-maggot pie!

*My favorite (besides
humble pie)!*



DITTANY

DANDELION OIL

DUNG BEETLE

*I should check our rations. You never know
when Winnie will want to brew something up!*

Vial Things



ESSENCE OF SHREW
EVERLASTING OIL
EYE OF NEWT



FORGET-ME-NOT
FLAXSEED
FANG OF FLEA

*The boys never forget me
when I am through with
them... because they are
dead!*



GORSE
GOLDENSEAL OIL
GIZZARD OF TURKEY

I still have scars from when this was my nickname.

It hurts even now!



HAWTHORN
HOUND'S-TONGUE
HONEYSUCKLE

There, there, Winnie...

*A boy once told me my singing
was like honeysuckle on the ear!*

I miss him. He wore his heart on his sleeve!

And it was delicious!

Vial Things



IRIS *I knew an Iris once.*
 IVY OIL *A most delectable little child.*
 IRONWEED



JICAMA
 JELLYFISH TENTACLE
 JEWELWEED



KNOTWEED
 KATYDID
 KALE *This provides most excellent roughage,
 and goes well in a blend of strawberries,
 bananas, and ice.*



LARVA OF MOTH
 LOCUST
 LARD *Lard!*



Vial Things



M

MOLASSES

MILLIPEDE

MORNING GLORY*

Ooh, I love how they squeak when I sink my teeth in them!

N

NETTLE

NUTMEG OIL

NEWT SALIVA

Mary needs to tend to my stores. I appear to be running rather low on my inventory.

Yes, Winnie! Right away! I am inept!

O

OIL OF BOIL

OCHRE

ONION

P

POPPY SEED

PUS OF PICKLED EGG

PUMPKINSEED OIL

Puppy Love!

Mary's

Pickled Egg Recipe:

- 1. Peel rotten egg.*
- 2. Plop egg in pus.*

Shou hast forgotten the pickle!

Vial Things



QUEEN BEE *A creature after my own
wicked heart.*

QUAKING GRASS

QUINCE



ROOT OF RHUBARB

ROSEMARY *I hate her!*

RICE WEEVIL *She stole the affections of the
milliner's son from me!*



SLUG *Poor little misunderstood being.*

SACRED HEART

SNAPDRAGON



TOOTH OF TARANTULA

TARRAGON

TINCTURE OF TURMERIC

Vial Things



UNDERWING OF VULTURE
UNICORN ROOT
ULNA



VIOLET *I hate her, too!*
VALERIAN
VERVAIN



WOLFSBANE
WITCH HAZEL
WART OF HOG

*The bane of wolves,
perhaps, but a
particular favorite
of mine . . .*

*Winnie is always saying we are
the bane of her existence.*



XANTHISMA
XIMENIA CAFFRA
XYLODROMUS

These all sound so appetizing, Winnie!

Vial Things



YARROW

YUCCA

YELLOWJACKET *Yellow jacket?*

*But we do not possess any
jackets that are yellow!*



ZEST OF SALAMANDER

ZEDOARY

ZUCCHINI

*Sister Sarah merely chants the name of
each ingredient and gets in the way of our
brewing.*

Note to Self: Never use salt!

Thou art so very wise, Winnie!

What about pepper? I love pepper!



Of Leg & Ligament

Passed a body down into dirt
Fell a soul into the shadow
From this body pieces taken
Hence thy new ingredients added.

I keep a handbasket filled
to the brim of
such delightful digits.

Clipped a fat thumb and dried-up tongue
Stripped a sinew and fingernail
And a wart and bursting boil,
And a lobe and lustrous eyeball.
Then ev'ry leg and ligament
Elbow and knee and lock of hair
Placed in cauldron swirling with mist
Doth fulfill potions and brews.

*Some are more ripe
than others. . . .*

*Winnie, we just
got some fresh ones!*



Dead Man's Toe

When churning a broth
of contents impure
Drop a dead man's toe
From thy hidden store.

Dead man's toe!

Dead man's toe!

Dead man's toe!





Enchanted Dishes of Red Witches



IN THE ENCHANTED DISHES OF
WITCHES, FOR THE GURGLING
AND GRUMBLING GUT,

The concoctions and confections of the Red Witch. Their dishes ensnare and enrapture, their ingredients potent. Here within are some of the dishes with lingering tastes and lasting effects.

Now with fine ingredients gathered, 'tis time to prepare these dishes bewitched.





A Proper Witch Kitchen



Crow's Wing Porridge

A DISH TO SUP WHEN SUN IS UP,
WITH GRIT LIKE SILT IN STAGNANT STREAM.

Mmm, a family favorite!

It smells like swamp 'neath a hot sun!



Wing of crow.

Pour forth a bounty of oats;

Stop, a rush of water;

Stop, a spurt of black venom;

Dash of amaranth, stir thrice.

One thing left and 'tis complete,
add the scales of raven's feet.

Ok! Crow! I eat crow!

*My specialty is candy crow to lure
the children to our cottage!*



Witch's Noodle Soup

WHEN THY BODY IS STRICKEN SICK WITH CRICK,
MAKE THIS CRUELEST SOUP TO SOOTHE THYSELF.

Carrots.

Pour forth broth of black river;
Stop, a smidgen of pigeon,
Dash of salt and pepper,
Pinch of onion, clove, celery,
Oil of boil, and thyme; stir once.
One thing left and 'tis prepared,
add a dollop of child scared.

Snot-nosed brats!

27th of March 1664

'Tis perfect for a cold and rainy day such as this.

Perfect like thee, Sister!

And tastier than kitten-paw stew!

Rat-Paw Pottage

A STEW OF SPLENDOR MOST TENDER,
WHEN HUNGER DOTH PLAGUE THY STOMACH.

Rats.

Pour forth water from stream;

Stop, a potato peeled and snout grated;

Stop, a chunk of meat and mat of fur;

Stop, the two long teeth, the claws;

Pinch of pus from oozing boil,

Drop of ulcer, stir fivefold.

When mist gloweth black, do not speak,
and listen for sound of squeak.

*This dish requires great stamina and strength
to churn the ladle, but the wonderful nutty aroma
makes the efforts not in vain!*

*And the flaky crust that forms on top
is simply scrumptious!*

Centipede * Chowder

WHEN NIGHTS ARE OLD AND COLD,
FILL THY TEMPLE WITH MOST WRIGGLING WARMTH.

Centipedes, whole.

Pour forth potatoes mouldy;

Stop, a rush of spoiled milk;

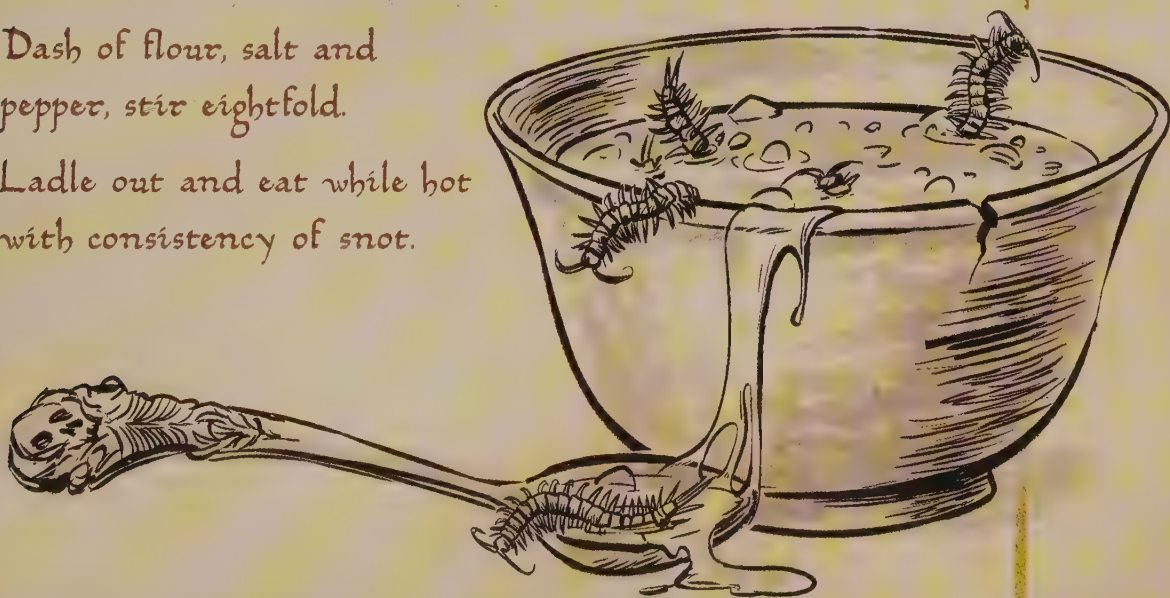
Stop, a clove of garlic and onion;

Pinch of thyme and bay leaf,

Dash of flour, salt and
pepper, stir eightfold.

Ladle out and eat while hot
with consistency of snot.

*This one makes me
squirm with delight!*



* Exchange centipedes with kittens for kitten-paw stew!

Maggot-Apple Pie*

A TREAT TO EAT WHEN WANTING SWEET,
WITH MAGGOTS WRITHING IN JELLY VISCOUS.

Such a pie thou
dost prepare, used
to poison maiden fair:

Rotten apples.

Pour forth bale of oats;

Stop, a shake of flour,

Dash of salt and nutmeg,

Pinch of cinnamon,
stir thrice.

Serve o'er most malod'rous crust,

with dollop of crisped dust. Mmm

Crisped dust . . .

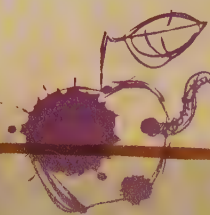
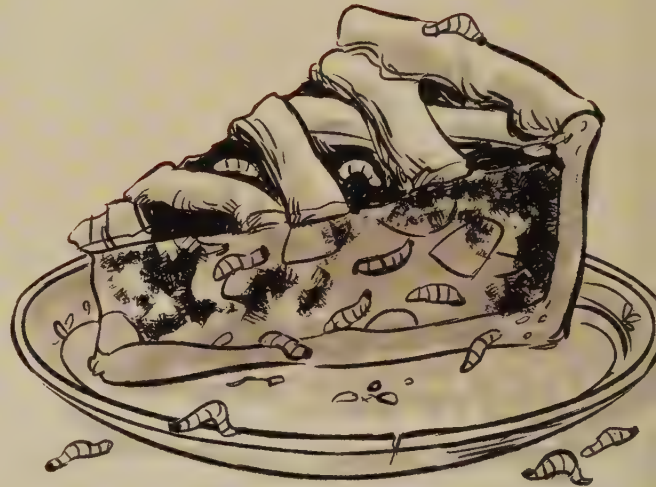
It goes well on toast!

* Works just as well with scorpions,
like what Mother would make.

Ahh. Mother. Mother. Mother.

Billy is the apple of my eye!

I hope he dost not mind that I am rotten to the core!



Witch's Trifle

A FOOD TO MAKE THY VICTIM QUAKE, STARTING WITH
DELIGHTFUL BITE AND NIPPING TO DOOMÉD CLOSE.

For desserts most just. Above the flames,
the bubbling cauldron.

Lard.

♡♡♡
Pudding!

Add sprinkle of water and milk;

Stop, powdered root of rhubarb;

Stop, thirteen cups of sugar;

Stop, lady's fingers,

Pinch of vanilla, stir fifteenfold.

When 'tis thick and towers tall,
season with tiny things that crawl.

Sister Mary
always seems to
bite off more than
she can chew.

Well, Sister Sarah never helps with the preparations.
She is always off to town.

To lure the children! 'Tis a chore of utmost importance
appointed by thee, Sister Winnie. I am great with children!




Legends of Red Witches

ON THE LEGENDS OF RED WITCHES
OF YORE, FOR THY REMEMBERING
AND THY RELISHING,

The great Witches of Yore shan't be forgotten. Their legends teach, their legacies echo, their tragedies were not in vain. Here within are some of their stories subsequently laid out.

Witches that run amok face bitter ends, but only when caught. Read these passages and heed their tribulations.

Amok! Amok! Amok!





Magic in Action







Legend of Gunnilda Arden

GUNNILDA THE
GRANDIOSE,
soothsayer in splendid garb,
summoned by the prophet,
appeared in the forest, And
fished a ghoul from the
ether, And spoke the ill-
fated scene, And the prophet
forsook her, And the battle
was lost, And so the prophet
slashed a blade of blame,
But Gunnilda avoided the
sword, Lodged in stone,
And took flight, And
soared 'neath golden moon,
And she spake the words
which follow: "The victory
is mine," And turned the
prophet into a worm.

Legend of Eve Harvey

EVE THE EGREGIOUS,
 Fortune-teller to
 royalty, wife to Amice,
 mother to two, sold stocks of
 potions in secret, And her
 husband passed, And so too
 the duchess, And Eve was
 charged for the poisons found,
 And so she was tortured,
 But did not confess, And
 melted the king's image in
 wax, And the king in turn
 vanished from his throne
 without a trace, And when
 they found the melted wax,
 they sent for her, Finding
 her cell empty, And at the
 castle, the royal babe plucked
 from his crib.



Legend of Emma Sanderisone

EMMA THE
ENVIABLE, beautiful
and kind, owner of rodent,
was accused of possessing
a wicked familiar, For
when the plague hit, She
was blamed and bound in
a mask of shame, So she
invoked the wisdom of the
Graeae, And gazed into the
eye of Medusa, And saw
her execution was near, So
she called upon the infect'd
rats, Who gnawed her
bridle, And she lay torpid
'neath brackish lake, Until
the plague had passed.

*Hast thou heard the rumor
that Master is dating Medusa?*

Legend of Druscilla Sanderson

DRUSCILLA THE
DREADFUL, healer
to the Scottish king, sparking
the lightning from fingertips,
Blamed for scorching tree
and taking home, Sought
out Morgan le Fay and
conspired to foil quests of
rotten knights, But they two
were caught and banished
from the court, And so
Druscilla left Avalon to
call the Master for counsel,
And wove chancy storms to
disrupt royal voyage, And
saw fate in her enchanted
silver mirror, And allowed
her spirit to bolt up to
moon red as blood.



18th of October 1665

What would Mother say
if she saw us now?

"I am disappointed in you two."

She would say thou art perfect, Winnie.

Legend of Hallowed Ground

Curse that hallowed ground!

Be wary of Hallowed Ground, for
a witch cannot step foot onto grave sites,
the echoing crypts, the burial hills,
the terra-miasma of the dead. . .



Legend of Ring of Salt

Heed this: a ring of salt
can keep thy power from thy victim.

Mother used to say we were salt of the earth.

*Or was it the salt of **her** earth...?*

Should we take this with a grain of salt, sisters?





The Natural World of the Red Witch



IN THE NATURAL WORLD OF
WITCHES, FOR THY
EXPLORING AND THY REAPING,

The natural world giveth innumerable resources and charms. The night sky feedeth thy magick, with the waxing and waning moon, with the constellations of stars, with the distant planets, with the four elementals. The natural world bristleth for thee with many powers known and unknown.

Take what thou needest from realm o'ergrown with riches of dirt and sky, fruit and coarse drupe.

*The best fruit is
forbidden!*

This word truly makes me shudder!

*I have begun to notice wrinkles marring
my beautiful face as I age. The horror!*



A Witch in Her Element

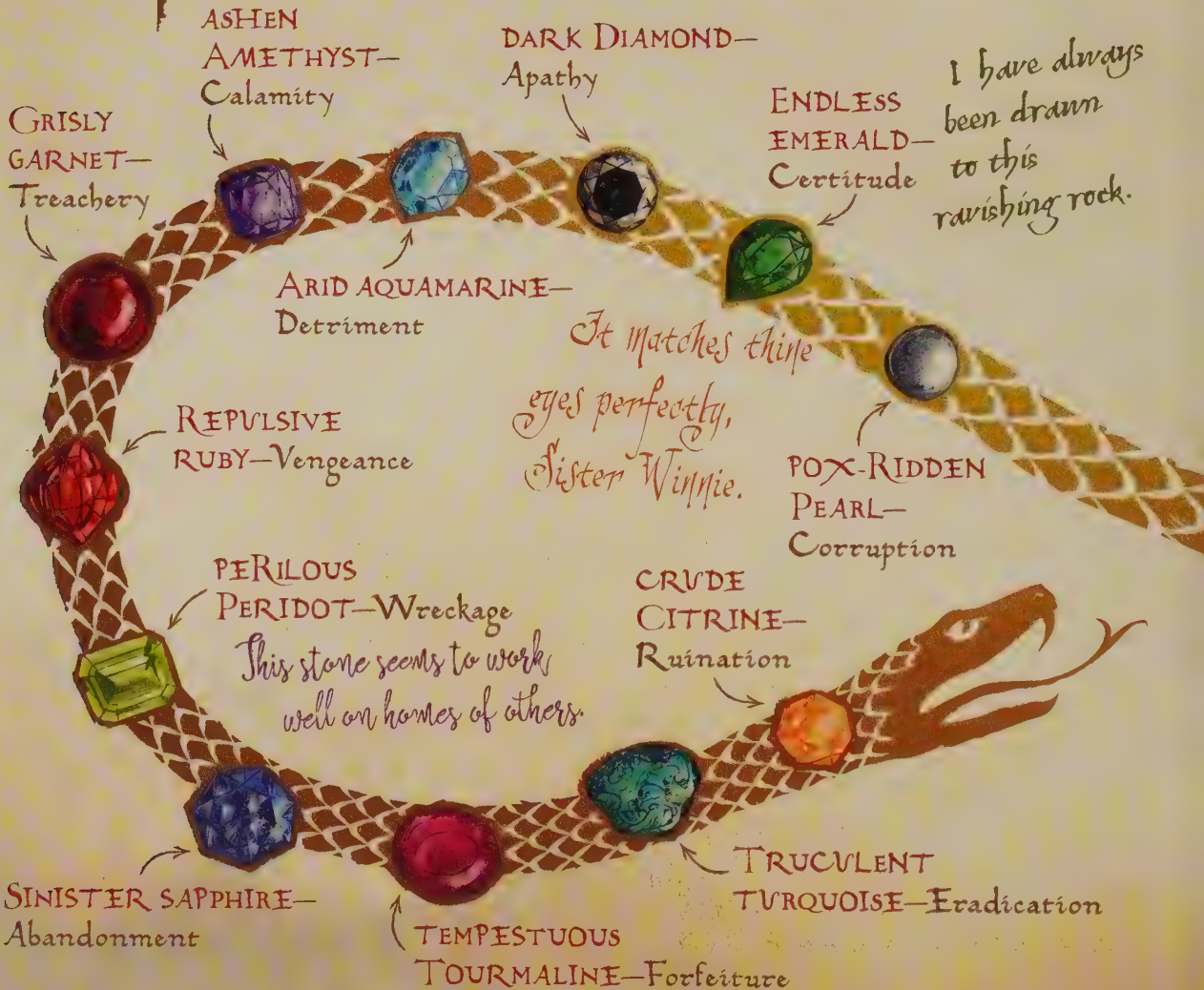


Precious Stones

*I wish for boys to
find me lustrous
once more!*

Lustrous or without polish
Singular* or in cluster
These gems possess qualities
Mirac'lous and mysterious.

**Singular is always more powerful, I feel.
Thou canst not spell witchcraft without "I."*



& Crystals of Power

Hold over cauldron smoking
To exhale thine intention.
Place in a bowl of pond slime
And let soak for a fortnight.

29th of October 1888

Let mine intention be crystal clear, sisters: I wish to stay
young and be more beautiful.

Thou already art a vision! But there is
always room for improvement, of course.



Enlivening of Gemstones

Awaken the power of gemstones by placing in midnight stream 'neath moon and star, for the night imbueeth with energy almighty. By wrapping tightly in swathes of thy witchy color and powering with breath and song, only then will thy stones become enlivened with thy charge.

Store for thine eventual spell or hex. Wear as one donneth jewel for maximized power and protection pure. Place 'neath bed or pillow, under floor or overhead, to take effect on thy prey.

I used mine for a love spell on
Winnie's beau Billy Butcherson.
He is so tall and handsome.

Winnie, pray do not read this!



Blood Moonstone

Passed down most coveted stone
Hidden away, site unknown
Given from mother to child
With heart most tame and mild
If ever stone and witch split
Only one can summon it.

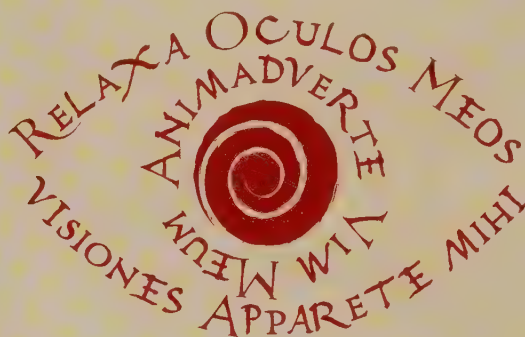


BE WARNED:
IF THE BLOOD MOONSTONE IS BROKEN
OR, UNDONE, SO TOO IS EV'RY SPELL
CAST BY SANDERSON.

*Mother hath refused to tell me the spell to locate the
rotten stone! Blast!*

Stones of Future-Seeing

To see future by candlelight, place hands,
eyes, and breath on crystal,
with utterance of the mystic words:



May this act guide thee on thy path.

I saw . . . "driver's permits"
and . . . "Screamin' Jay Hawkins"?
'Tis nonsense!

I think it worked, Sister.

I saw something delicious called
"Margarine," and . . . "barbecues"!

It worked for me too, Winnie!

I saw our future!

And thou wert beautiful as if carved from stone!





Prerequisites of Channeling

Breathe into crystal until thy color doth appear inside it. Gaze and see the Master within, and hear his voice. Thereupon access the rousing knowledge of thy long-lost ancestors.

What I would
give for just one
dance with
Master!

*Certain wretched ancestors are
better left dead, thank you.*

Practice the sending of energy. Hold and point crystal. Next repeat thy raucous thoughts in thy mind and silently guide them to thy target until thence stricken. Dread . . . Envy . . . Sorrow . . .

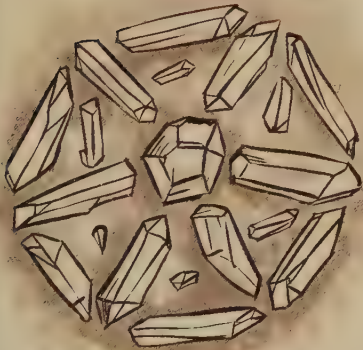
Rehearse the receiving of energy. Lift crystal in open palms, close thine eyes, and breathe deep. Allow the intention of thy sibling to land within thy crystal. Once the gem warmeth in thy palm, open thine eyes. Only then will the crystal contain their essence used to amplify thy spells and hexes.

May these practices be the start of focused intention later put forth to flourish thy magick using crystals.

& Healing Puissance

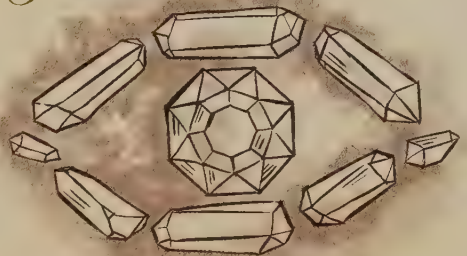
To revivify and renew, arrange thy stones and crystals into formations to strengthen thy salve and to poultice thine afflictions.

STAR OF STRENGTH—
For mending might

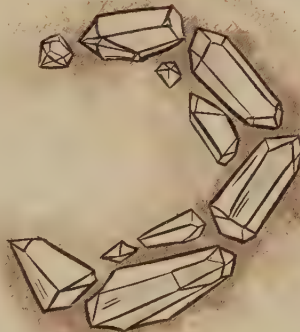


*I wish I could restore
my youth but by
a few years. I feel age
creeping up on me!*

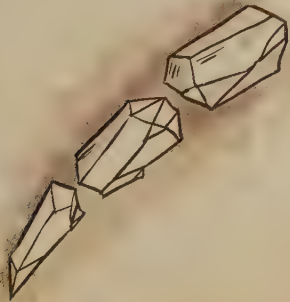
EYE OF VISION—
For restoring sight



MOON OF MENDING—
For repairing blight



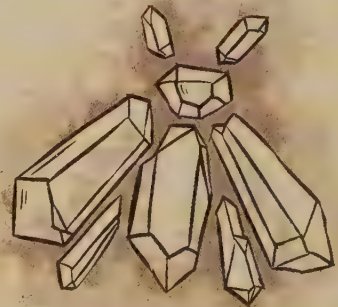
FANG OF EDGE—
For sharpening bite



*Down, doggy! My bark
is worse than my bite!*

*It giveth Sister Winnie the
most terrible headaches.*

MOTH OF ILLUMINATION—
For replenishing light



The Night Sky

ASTRONOMIA

Cosmos existeth for shining with both the fixed and wand'ring stars that pierce the heav'nly vault. Allow for the night sky to act as thy trove of celestial objects from which to spin thy witchy yarns. Join the stars of age-old constellations, and siphon starlight for thy spells and talismans, thy potions and amulets, thy mystic traps to cage life's frothing and flapping rat.

The moon is a most bright object!

Unlike thee, Sister! ... Dost the sun rise in the west?

My sisters are great buffoons!

The Planets



LUMINARIES



SUN—Ego



MOON—Intuition

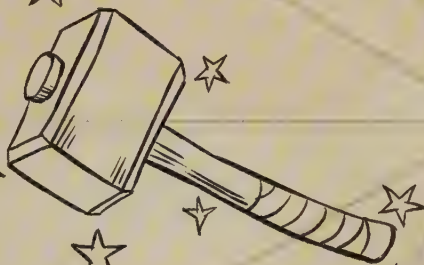
Astrologia



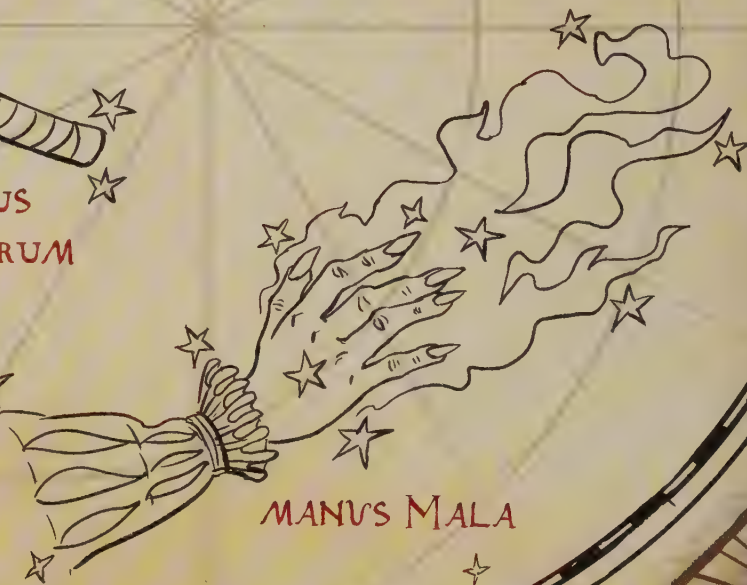
ARA



CRATER



MALLEUS
MALEFICARUM



MANUS MALA



STELLA DIABOLI

SAPIENS

*I love flying
among the stars!*

REMUS
CHARONIS

The Moon Phases

Mother of witches, pregnant with power,
pitch dark as the night, newly shorn hour;
brighter and growing, harness thy desire;
full and round beacon of mayhem and fire;
sweet light into dark, the glowing sour,
Moon of greatness, gifting thee with power.

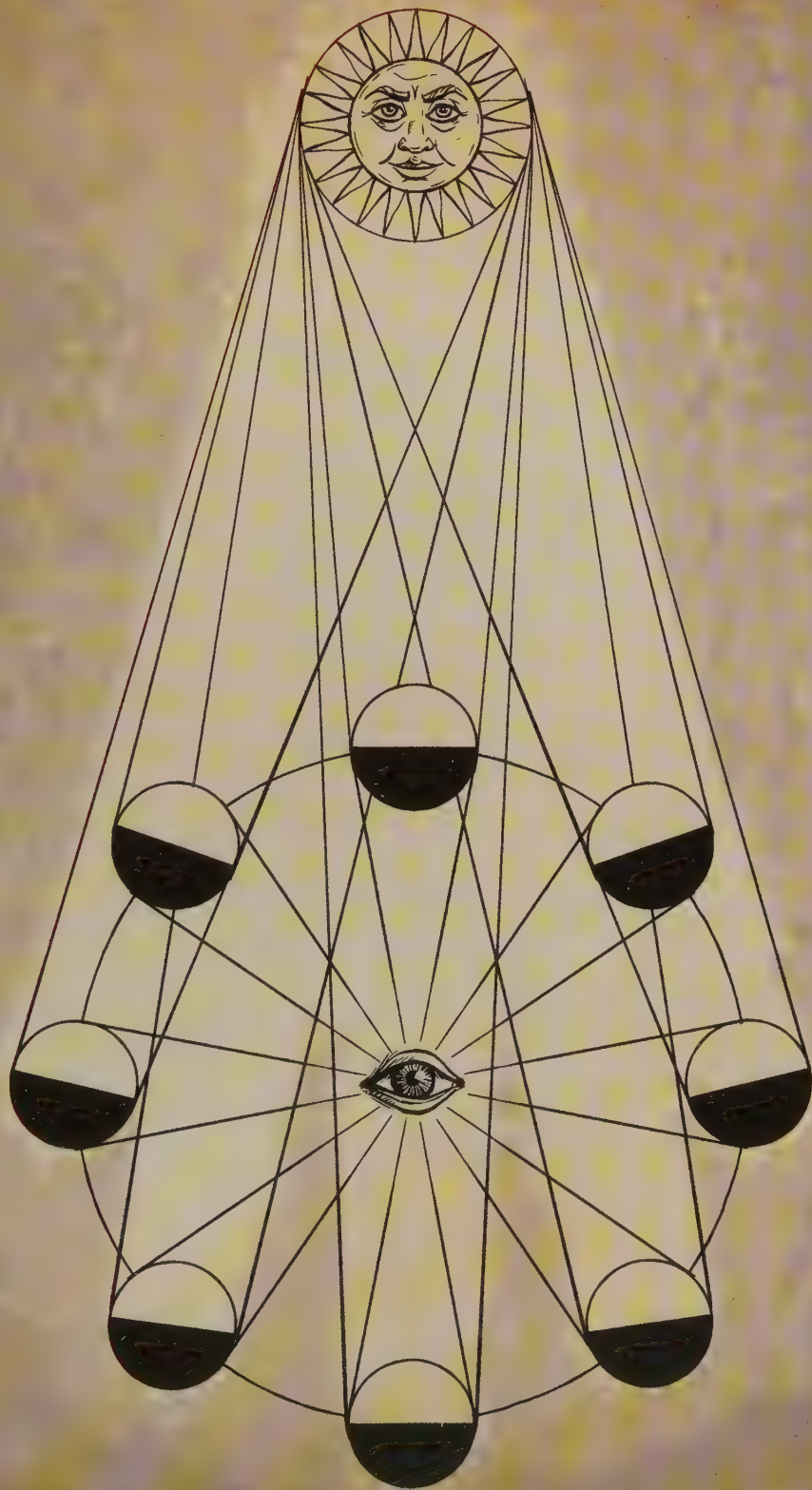


3rd of January 1669: We miss thee so, Mummy!

Mother.

Mother . . .

Not a cruel night goeth by when I do not
look to the moon and see her looking down on us.



The Elements

The elements are used to guide and channel thy magick.
Harness their abilities by working them into thy senses.



Energy of Earth

Trembled the earth with mighty mountain
 Trembled thine hand with the blood-stained dirt
 Rising from dust to fall back to dust *Vgh. Dust!*
 By this practice an earthly bond formed.

Start with the quick sinking, sucking mud
 Next, tendril unfurling at thy touch *It worketh, sisters!*
 Skipping pebbles o'er rushing brook
 Turn stone and rock with single look
 Move massive boulder from thy path
 By this element a golem forge *Drat! All I seem to forge*
 Thereupon a trench born from mountain *is a pile of*
 Thereupon a clawing tree born from bud. *blasted rocks!*



Virtue of Air

Our sister
Sarah is full
of hot air.

Blast of air under broomstick, the ride
Veiled key to levitation and flight
Conjuring dark vapor to mask and hide
By this practice an airy bond formed.

Thou art masterful
on thy broom,
Winnie!

Begin with breath puffing, the chill cloud
Next, the halt to wisp and icy draft
Next, howling gust blustering from thee
Summoning windstorm and the whirlwind
The twisting air that taketh from all
The calamitous gale that toppleth.

The only air Mary
can conjure up
is an air most
natural and
smelling of pickled
egg!



Strength of Water

Surged the water with mellifluous hiss
 Pulling debris down in thine undertow
 Leaping geyser burst from deep to fall
 By this practice a wat'ry bond formed.

Begin with light
 lapping, tracing
 Then, honeysuckle
 dew, drop of rain
 Draining from leaf,
 drawing from its vein
 Ripple puddles with
 thy swell of power
 Damming, then ebbing
 and flowing forth
 Whirling pool, witch-
 tossed sea of chaos
 Thy power swelling,
 thy crest curling
 The icy flood, thy
 dark waters deep.



Force of Fire

Conjuring the sun in thy cool palm
Melting ice and steel at thy caress
Feeding kindling, strangling inferno
By this practice a fiery bond formed.

Whose son?
The metalworker's son?
I must try this conjuring!



Start with spark
without a hewn flint
Next, cool flame licketh
at thy fingertips
Stoke the glow to heat
thy hearth
Singeing a pyre with
the spark of flame
By this element a
scorching smoke
Thereupon a blaze
born from embers
Thereupon a wildfire
born from ashes.
FIRE! I have
a strong distaste for it.

Legacy of Lightning

Thou wert dealt with
a rare rumbling deal

Distant clamoring, the
clapping, the peal

A storm breweth within,
strain for the sound

Thunder boometh,
roaring, echoing 'round.

Connect thy feet
solidly, loosen grip

Draw the shock up,
foot to fingertip.

Aim and point,
a branch, a cackle

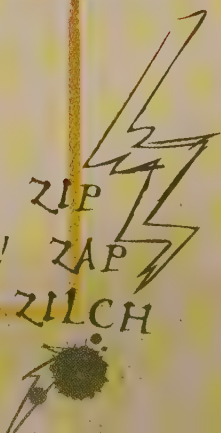
Lift victim with
brilliant crackle

Then, command to wrap,
trap, slap, and snap

Destroy with single
sizzling zap.


A luminary gift! A most rare and coveted discipline!

*'Tis one of my many gifts—
a most **stunning**
elementary power!*



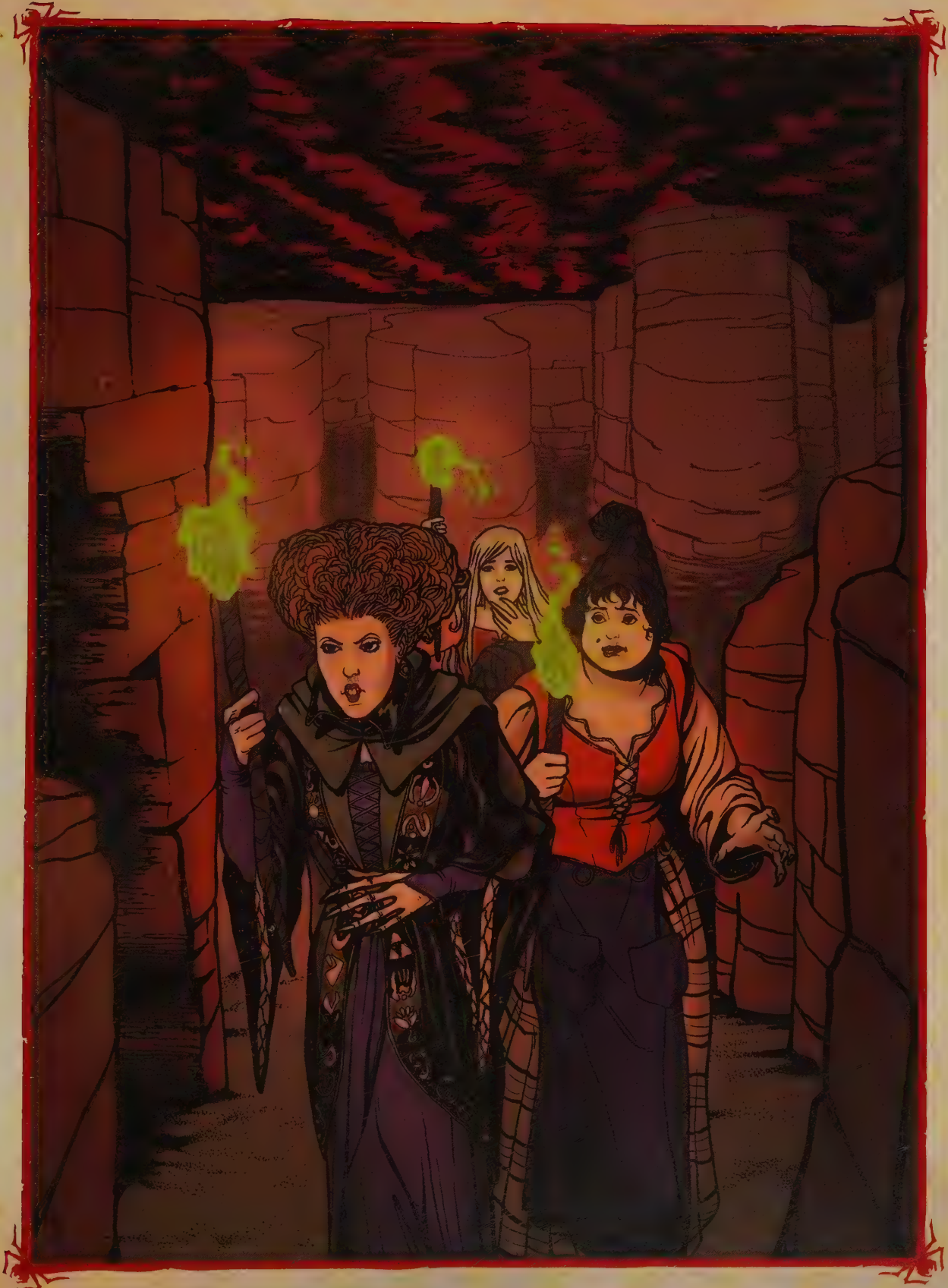


The Unnatural World of the Red Witch

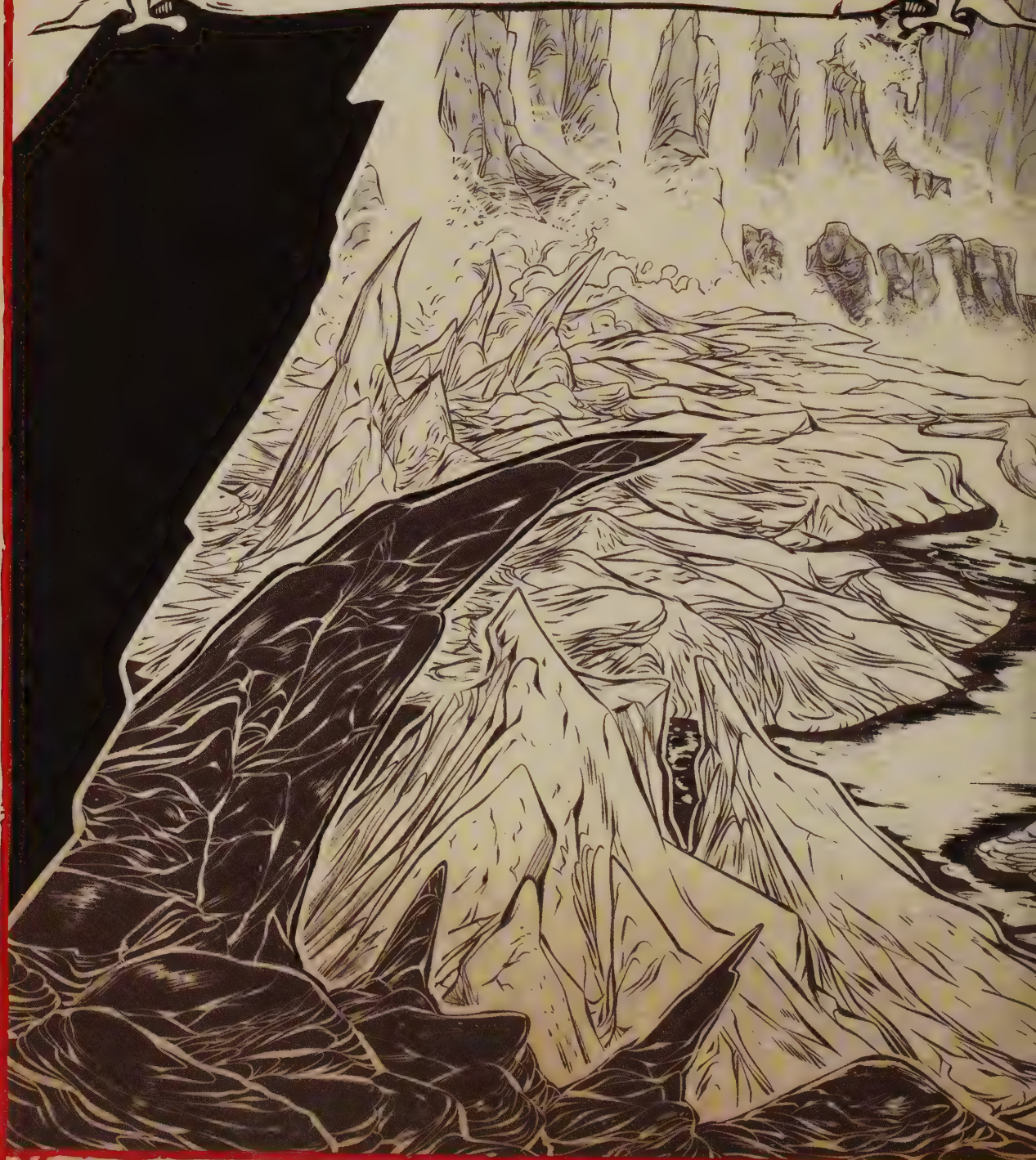
N THE UNNATURAL WORLD OF
WITCHES, FOR THY SURVIVING
AND THY THRIVING,

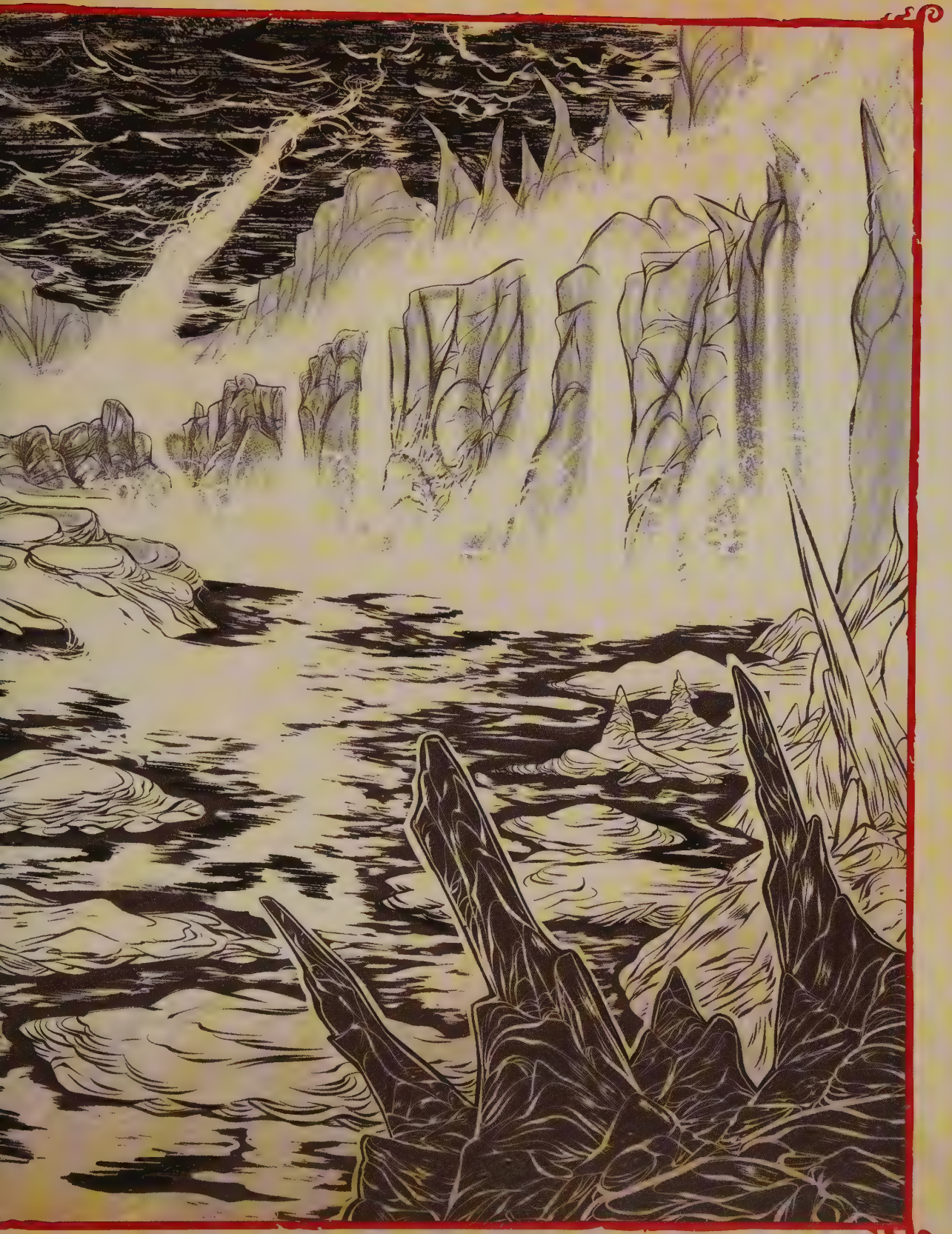
Past the veil of the living existeth a realm ringed in emerald flame, scorched in scourge and ablaze with anguish, alive with cacophony of caterwauling and cajoling, of crying and cursing. As a Red Witch, thou hast alighted upon its basalt flags, hast traversed its bridges of burning and flaying rope. This tarry under-world teemeth with scabrous beasts and greats of the Beyond, and wayward souls do roam its stony Red Sea Shore, some who never return to the cooled firmament on high, and those who do, passed through the green flame not quite unscathed.

*I found it quite lovely to go to the Beyond and back.
Minus the blood-sucking fireflies. Little pests.*



Land of the Unnatural





The Beyond

ON THE REALMS OF THE BEYOND,
FOR THY COMING AND THY GOING,

The Beyond is a place where witches roam, alight with the green flame. Shadows pool, and eyes watch in darkness, a sense of solitude dashed by the ruckus of rustling and scraping. For the Beyond brimmeth with beasts most terrifying, creatures that lie in wait, ready to pounce and devour.

Witches stay, forever doomed and perpetually determined to escape the furies of its nine realms. Some witches with fortune blessed are able to leave, to carry out the Master's craft far above.

↪ Master is in the details!





The Nine Realms



Returning from the Beyond

Once thou hast walked through lanes of lonely shadows
Through dreary towns, past lava in hissing rivulets
Like walking in the woods without a sliver of moon,
Darkness punctuated by geysers of stinking green fire
Weird monsters, hissing and clad in flame, hunched
In doorways and trees, stirring at the sound of thy
breath . . .

Thou wilt have ventured to the tormented realm; and may
Return yet. Go forth back to the natural world, with land of
Darkness, with rivers of demise, with shores of
Destruction, emboldening thy steadfast step
And return up above in the land of light,
In thy cottage, and find thy cauldron full of new
potentials. . . .

Winnie, I'm
scared.



Gods of the Beyond

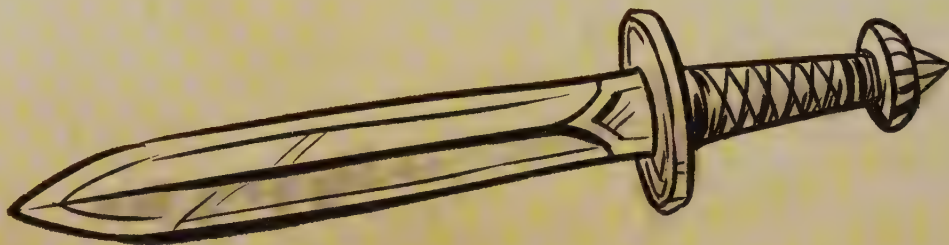
The gods possess
enviable powers, magicks
that no one witch can
comprehend. . . .

Each god hath their own
unique trait. . . . Which
wilt thou call upon for
thine aid?

DIONYSUS
GOD OF GRAPE
CULTIVATION



NEMESIS
GODDESS OF SHADOW
VENGEANCE



EOS

GODDESS OF
RED DAWN



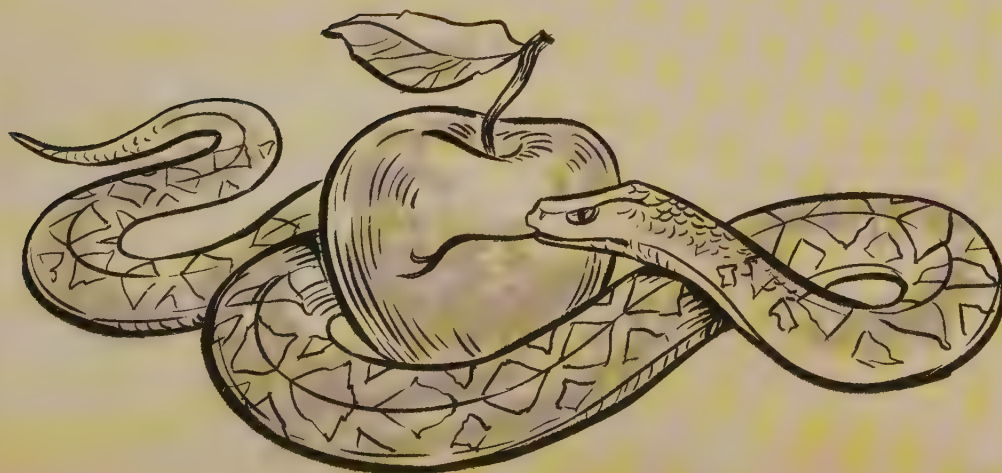
PERSEPHONE

GODDESS OF
VEGETATION



ERIS

GODDESS OF DISCORD



Gods of the Beyond

HEBE
GODDESS OF YOUTH

*I wish very much
to be acquainted
with this one.*



HELIOS
GOD OF SUN



HESTIA
GODDESS OF HOME
AND HEARTH



THANATOS
GOD OF DEATH



HECATE
GODDESS OF
MAGICK





Invocations to the Beyond

Invocations issue from the lips, a humming drone, a resonating mumble, to call upon supreme forces unseen, to invoke the otherworldly energies to magnify thy magick.

Recite the incantations in guttural warbles, with purring zeal, with impassioned plea.

If they do answer and happen to cross the threshold, ask of them this:

GRANT MY DEEP WISH,
O GREAT ONES!

18th of September 1671

We cannot seem to get Sister Sarah to stop chanting throughout the house. . . .

'Tis a gift! 'Tis a gift! 'Tis a gift!

'Tis a headache.



Dionysus Invocation

DIONYSUS, god of grape,
 Bacchus, I invoke thee,
 Instead of the pouring from thy goblet . . .
 Dry up the well
 Like the dusty cellar
 Like the parched lips
 Oh, fruitful god,
 Siphon the water
 Let the bucket rise with ash and
 Wreath of ven'mous ivy
 And come to a grinding halt.

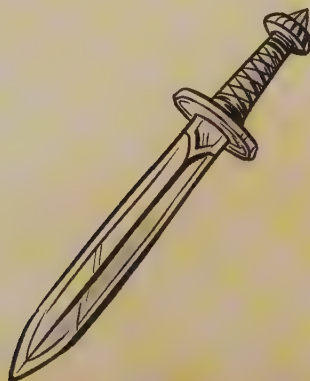
*A most excellent idea, sister. 'Tis a desirable dry spell.
 Might I recommend using this on the suspecting townsfolk?*



Nemesis Invocation

NEMESIS, daughter of Erebus,
Goddess of retribution,
Guided by griffins and justice . . .
I call upon thee: tip the scales
To plague my neighbor with
Endless misfortune and blight
Righter of wrongs, topple my victim
Like the sword balancing on its point
Like the bridle loosening from the grip
The crack of thy scourge, and all turneth fair
Rock the scales, hear now my prayer.

*It worked on a town elder's little daughters.
I have not lost my touch!*



Eos Invocation*

EOS, Aurora, hear my plea,
 Goddess of the dawn,
 Sister of Helios and Selene;
 Thy dawn-chariot turning,
 Instead of painting the sky pink...
 Thy winged horses diving to
 Cast thy light upon me
 Bring the bloom of morning
 Into my cheeks, a rosy red that
 Brighteneth mine eyes
 Like thy tiara of gold
 Like thy rosy fingers
 Eos, let my visage gleam, and
 Bathe me in the red-hued rise.

*I want to be
 wildly charming
 again!*

** Aha! An invocation that brought the natural rouge back to my cheeks! It won't make me any younger, but it's a start!*



Persephone Invocation

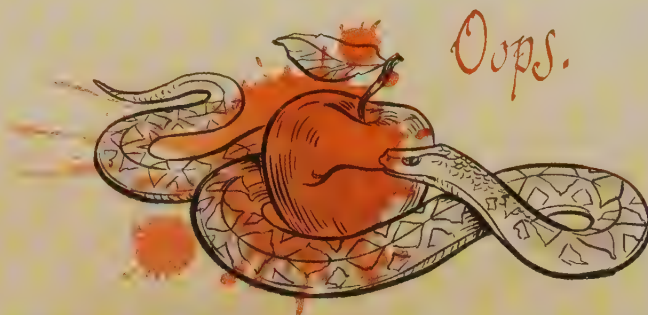
PERSEPHONE, hear me,
Kore, goddess of life and death,
Step from the world of shadow to
Flow'ry earth above: aid my scheme . . .
Rot the crop of my victim at the root,
Let the putrid decay fester and the fetid mould sprout
So the plant may wither to husk and shell
So the shoot may bend and the stalk may snap
Leaf and bud molt, they plummet like hope
Burst the pomegranate seeds in their chambers
For this base plot I invoke thee.



Eris Invocation

ERIS, goddess of chaos and strife,
 Discordia, daughter of Nyx,
 Spurter of unease and disquiet,
 Instead of serving the golden apple of discord . . .
 I call upon thee to turn the stomach of my victim
 Like the storm-tossed sea of Pandemonium
 Like the sloshing barrel of unruliness
 The sickly sheen of tumult
 The indisposed green of dissent
 Make my victim qualmish and
 Squirm like the fussing worm.

Sister, get thy nose out of my precious book!



Hebe Invocation

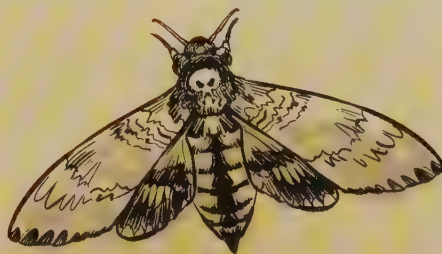
HEBE, goddess of youth,
Juventas, daughter of Hera,
I invoke thee to fly down to me like the eagle . . .
For thy nectar and ambrosia, I plea
Grow my tresses,
Slather them with honeyed varnish
Let the strands lengthen
Let the locks loosen and extend
So that I may look young again
Hear my lament so that my hair
May grow to touch the earth.

*I think it worked, Winnie! But while my hair grew longer, its texture
keepeth switching from straight to curly! Thon agest me, sister.*



Thanatos Invocation

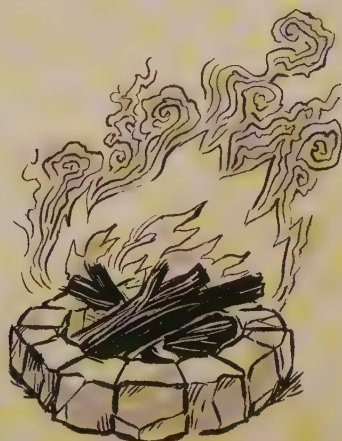
Hear me, O god of doom,
 Brother of Hypnos and the Keres
 Bearing sword of shadow'd steel,
 I pray thou dost hollow the egg
 Of my victim's sleeping chicken
 Let the shell stay whole
 Let the egg keep dense
 But with the cracking, the empty promise within,
 This most trivial trick, a most delectable surprise
 O mighty **THANATOS**, regard my fervent hope
 And execute thy destructive controul.



Hestia Invocation

HESTIA, goddess of hearth,
Thy flames and fire,
Instead of protecting mine home . . .
I invoke thee to clean mine cauldron
Remove stain and smear
Remove aged mark
Allow my pot to shine
Like the obsidian boulder
Like the gleaming bubble
Let cogent remnants wash away
So new draughts can be unsullied.

*I would rather let Mary keep dealing with this
chore the old-fashioned way—with grit.*



Helios Invocation

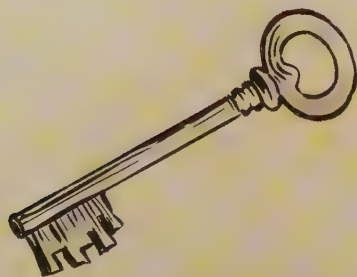
HÆLIOS, hear me,
 Helius, god of sun,
 Thy chariot landing
 Instead of soaring forth to steal the stars . . .
 On Pyrois, on Aeos, on Aethon, on Phlegon
 Hooves touch down in dust
 Scorching the earth
 Like the scalding sun-rays
 Like the blistering diadem
 Let thine energy shine upon me
 So that I may radiate thy light.



Hecate Invocation

I beg thee, O Great **HECATE**, direct
Thy fiery majesty towards me;
And impart in this staff
The power of yore.
Let thy strength entwine with the wood
Like two strings braided into one
Let thy magick rest within each splinter
Biding, halting, pulsing
Like a cat waiting to jump its prey
So that I may wield thine energy
With most precision and might.

*Where is the invocation to turn
mine bodice from green to purple?
Or purple to green?*



Creatures of the Beyond

Creatures of the Beyond dwell in lakes
and forests, on craggy mountaintops. They
are beings most fearsome and monstrous,
wielding power not bound to the natural
world. They know only a hunger that
cannot be satiated.

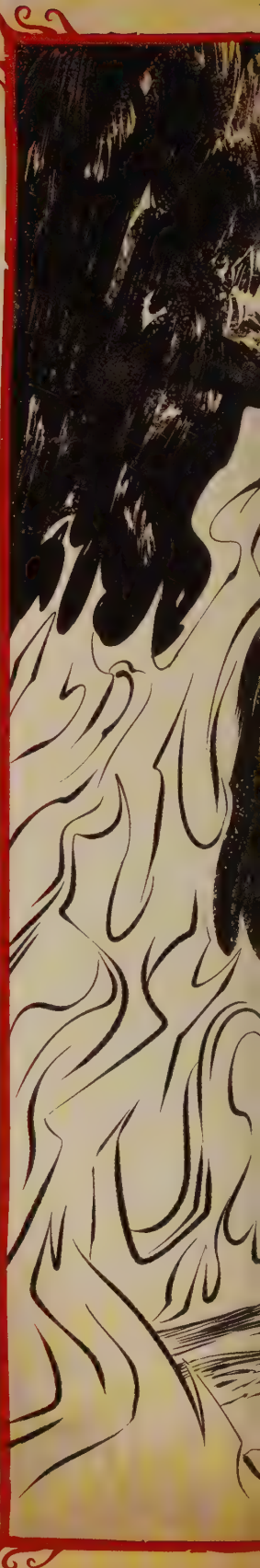
*Hobgoblins, hobgoblins, all in a row,
Eat all the candy so that you grow!
Hobgoblins, hobgoblins, towering tall,
Please do not eat me now I'm very small!*

Oh, cheese and crust!

*I had forgotten about
such hideous beasts.*

Don't remember, Winnie!

Don't remember!







Brimstone Viper

An enormous reptile with unholy design
of both snake and bird that guardeth
the gates of the Beyond and breatheth
fire and brimstone at all who dare try
to flee the under-world. The beast hath
three emerald-flamed heads that sprout
from a pale body covered in oozing scales.
It speweth potent venom at its victims,
coating them in a diaphanous web, before
smiting them with a single scorching gaze.
The Brimstone Viper should never be
startled. Those who can master stealth may
be able to circumvent its sulfurous coils.

I can charm a snake with my voice!

Plague-ridden beast!

*The brimstone viper
is just misunderstood!*

Vile Fish

Apparently,
the fish rots from
the head down?

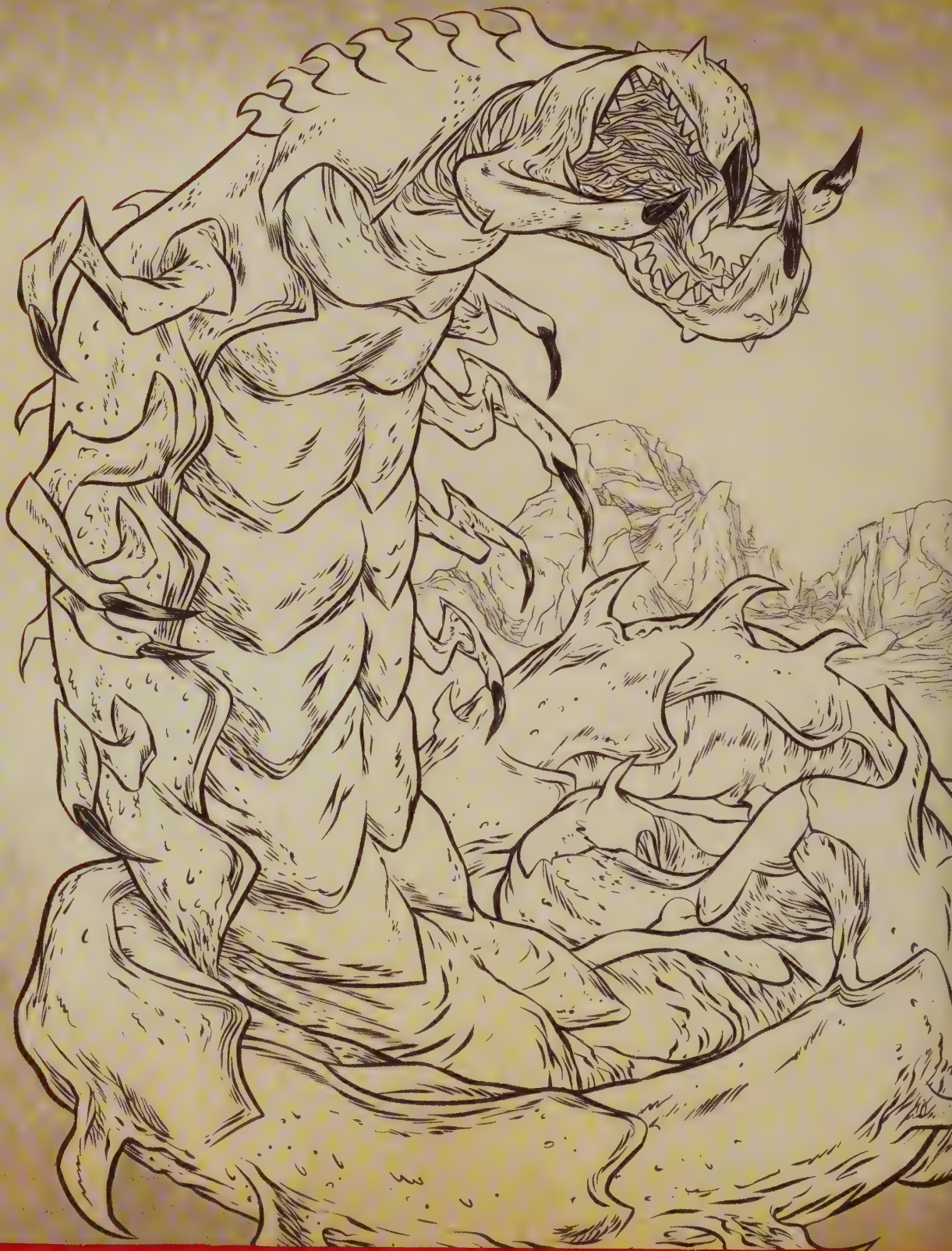
Ravenous fish that prey on those who would dare to walk the shores or voyage the pitch'd waters of the Styx, Lethe, Acheron, Phlegethon, or Cocytus. Black cattle who stray from Menoetes' herd will meet a shallow fate. The Vile Fish strip away all till only bone remaineth and the Keres swarm the remaining foam. The creatures possess the finned body of fish, the point'd fangs of the Lamiae, the red eyes of the Mormolyceia, and assume the faces of those consumed, be it cow, dog, sheep, or unlucky witch.

'Tis a good thing I cannot swim, sisters!

I need to remember that next time
thou disturbs my peace, Sister.
The creek and churning waterwheel
are but a stone's toss away. . . .

Get her, Winnie!





Dire Worm

A tiny worm said to be clipped from Medusa's scalp that lurketh within the pores of rocks and cheweth through the orchards tended by the jaundiced Ascalaphus. The worm stayeth quiet and hidden, and draweth blood from unwitting ankles. The Dire Worm gorgeth itself until it groweth to reach insurmountable heights. Most revered and feared, the worm's screech is cause for Melinoe to haunt the living, for the Cacodaemones to take refuge, and for the winged Thanatos to wield his protective blade. Once the Dire Worm beginneth to constrict a body, its embrace marketh the last.

They make for good snacks when still young!

*Imps!
Every last one of them!*





The Dead

ON THE DEAD AMONGST THE
LIVING, FOR THY CONTROLLING
AND THY GRASPING,

The Dead are never really gone.
Sometimes, the Dead are found
wandering the Beyond . . .

Sometimes, the Dead can return to
thee in the Realm of the Living . . .

Maggot museums!

But if I could
command them
to do my bidding . . .





A Dance of the Dead



Reaching the Dead

The Dead from beyond the gates of the under-world can be brought back to walk among the Realm of the Living, reached with words and whispers, these vap'rous wisps used to do thine unseemly biddings. . . .

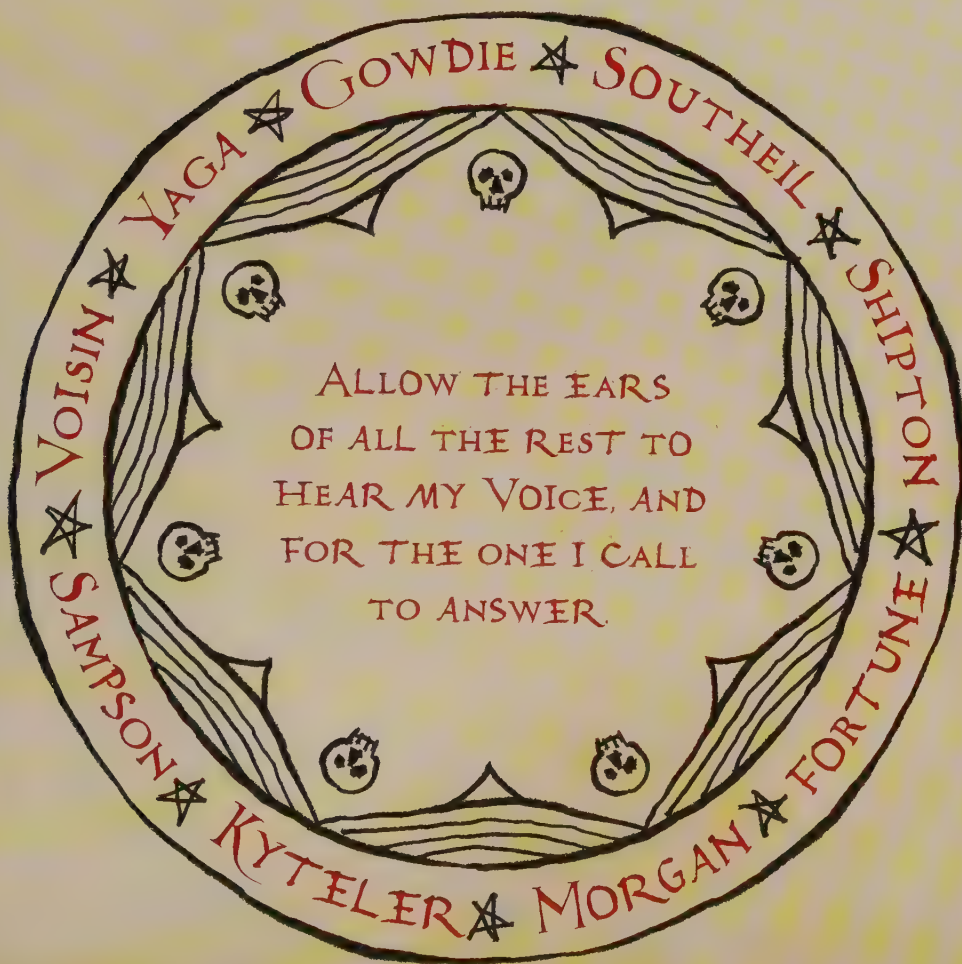
To bring about the Plague of Darkness, recite the incantation thrice:

PESTIS
TENEBRARUM
LOCUSTA
VOMICAQUE

Nothing makes me happier.
That is, when the icy breath
of death comes for another!

Communicating with the Dead

To correspond with the Dead, utterance
of the nine sacred and magickal names:



Secrets of the Grave

On All Hallows' Eve, the spirits of the Dead can move among the living. To call upon a spirit on Hallows' Eve, recite this incantation:

SPIRIT, HEAR ME ...

DASH THE NIGHT IN THE GLOW
OF THY SPECTRAL FORM,

LUCID NOW THOU ART A FEARFUL SIGHT.
TRANSLUCENT SOUL, ROAM WHEREVER
THOU PLEASEST

TRAVERSE TO EARTH'S REMOTEST
BOUNDS, OR NEAR AT HAND,
WITH SHINING INCENSE, I CALL THEE
FORTH, UNAFRAID

TO ONCE MORE CROSS INTO MY
REALM WITH RITES DIVINE.

Winnie, I am afraid of ghosts!

Boo!

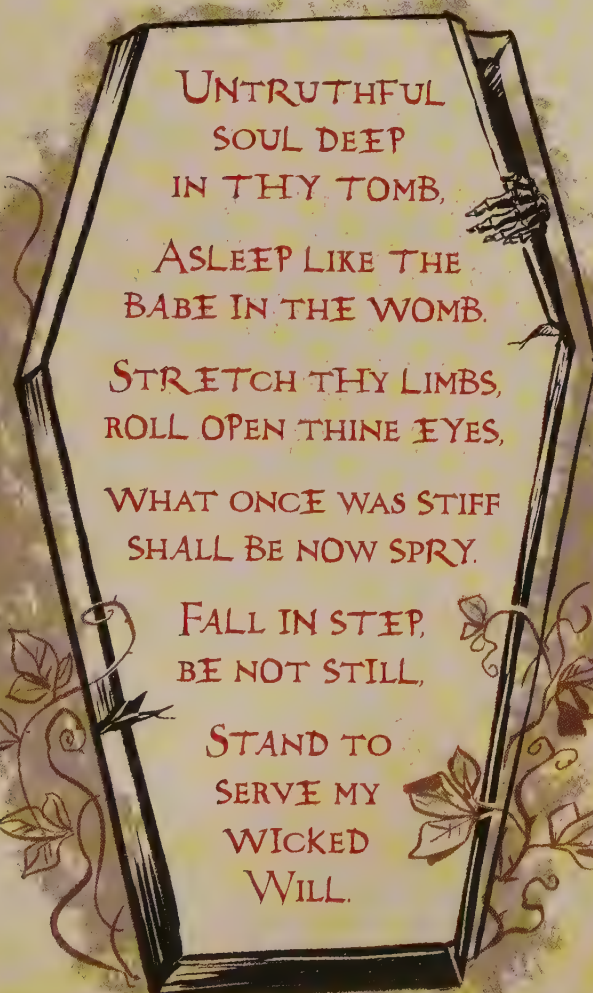






Summoning from Beyond the Veil

To bring forth one's spirit in corporeal form so it may walk amongst man in flesh once more until the rise of the sun, say these words on Hallows' Eve:



UNTRUTHFUL
SOUL DEEP
IN THY TOMB,

ASLEEP LIKE THE
BABE IN THE WOMB.

STRETCH THY LIMBS,
ROLL OPEN THINE EYES,

WHAT ONCE WAS STIFF
SHALL BE NOW SPRY.

FALL IN STEP,
BE NOT STILL,

STAND TO
SERVE MY
WICKED
WILL.

*A most
intriguing
spell . . .*



Using Specters as Doubles

Through the permeable veil, the creeping specter
 The assumption of the translucent form, a double
 The floating through muddy road unsullied
 The visiting of mortals unbeknownst
 Thou swimmest through the troubled air, unseen,
 Succeeding chore and task before the return
 To the body long since left behind.



I was able
 to become a ghost
 for but a day and
 pinch the pie
 off the baker's sill!





Evil Hand

With bevy of specters at thy command,
Prick and pinch through another's ghostly hand
Meddle with matters without a ripple,
With aid of coven, effort doth triple.

1st of May 1674

The town elders are suspicious of our
pinching and pricking, sisters!

Blast them! We must take precaution,
or they will burn us at the stake, or worse!

Save us, Winnie! Save us!

Bitter Things

As specter for a brief time, peek and peer in places otherwise forbidden . . . the Bitter Things . . .

Use bodies of water to spy on thy victims, as they wash their faces in basin, as they lead their horses to trough, as they talk in hushed voices over dirty puddles with the semblance of retreat.



To control the ability to spy on the Bitter Things, recite the incantation once:

SALEM
SUB MARI

A meddlesome little child escaped our clutches!

The townsfolk seem to be getting better at protecting their young.

Ghostly Voice

In the form of a temporary specter, thou hast the ability to throw thy voice so that victims afar wake to hear it 'neath bed, in cupboard, down darkly descending stairs. In this way, thou canst whisper thine inclinations to best sway steadfast fools, frighten victims past the brink of sleepless frenzy into delirium and hysteria, and converse with coven from distant shores. . . .

To exercise the Ghostly Voice, recite the incantation thrice:

TRUX SUBRIDENS LARVA



Magick of the Red Witch

ON THE MAGICK OF POTIONS
AND SPELLS, FOR THY VITRIOL
AND THY VINDICATING,

After practices and preparations, thou
canst now try thine hand at deeper magick,
magick of potion making for vengeance,
rituals for perseverance, divination for
thy knowing, and delving into dreams to
meddle and muddle. Use thy voice and
heav'nly gestures to chant for good fortune,
to hex for punishing, to curse for malevolence,
to spell for success, to sing for trickery and
control. Go forth, and let the text on these
pages seep into thy being.



Rituals of Resolution

ON THE RITUALS AND WITCHY PRACTICES TO
EMBOLDEN THY RESOLVE AND THY SPIRIT,

To rededicate thyself to thy noble craft and secret life with
the sanctified rituals . . . *I rededicate myself to my craft.*



Rituals of Fire & Brimstone

Thou must pledge to stride onward on this winding and treach'rous path. Thy power will grow, thy destiny will be fulfilled.

WITCHING HOUR

The coven joineth hands beneath full moon to lament the day, to be purged of nagging thoughts.

ETERNAL PATH

The coven gathereth to renew the promised vow of the dedication to the eternal path of witchcraft.

SHADOW OF MOON

The coven cometh together to rest without the practice of magick, to reconnect with guiding moon.

Develop thine own habits to sharpen thy skills, to intensify thy magick on thine upward route.



Angering Circle



When anguish brimmeth into madness,
Lodged in heart of racing badness,
Form a circle, hand in hand in hand,
Deepen thine anger till 'tis fanned,
Rage to channel and charge,
To blast once it grows large.

Perhaps we might
consider discontinuing
this practice, Sister
Winnie? Sister Winnie
is very angry!

Why, I have no need for
this fulsome practice.

Calming Circle

When night turneth dire and all seemeth lost,
Rouse soothing thoughts at any cost,
Form a circle, hand in hand in hand,
Make inner din wane, small from grand,
Serenity and peace,
My unrest now can cease.

Soothing Thoughts:

- Rabid Dogs

- Black Death

- Mummy's

Scorpion Fartlet

~~I have an idea! Perhaps we could all form
this calming circle more often . . . ?~~

No need!

And if thou suggestest this one more time,
I shall have your guts for garters, girl!



Dark Divination

ON THE DARK DIVINATION OF WITCHES, FOR
THY GAZING AND THY GLIMPING,

To see into the present, to gaze into the past, to glimpse
into the future, practice of the three mystic methods:

OOMANCY TASSEOMANCY PALMISTRY

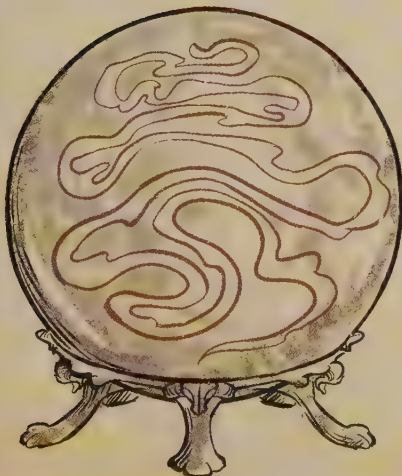


Artifacts of Clairvoyance

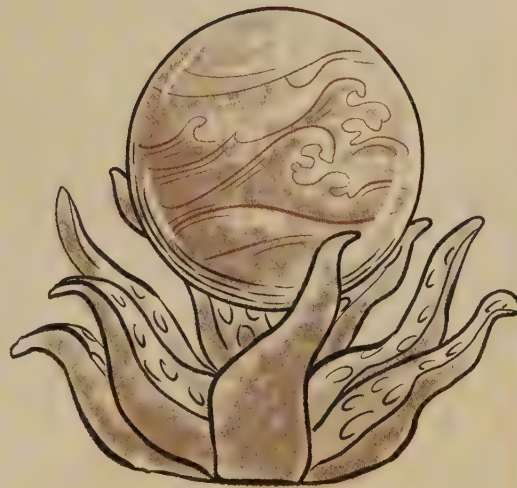
SCRYING MIRROR
OF ENCHANTRRESS THORN



CRYSTAL
SPHERE OF
HELENA



ORACLE ORB OF
THE WATER
WITCH



*I have yet to master scrying.
My current aging reflection is
but a hideous distraction.*



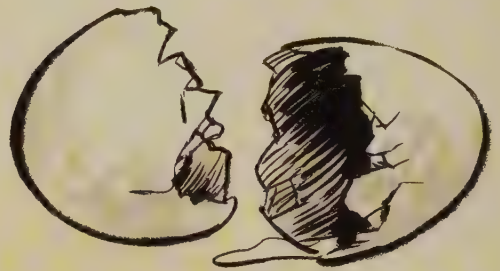
Oomancy



Crack egg into glass, and
decipher the dancing shapes
of the whites.

Yolk breaking spells doom.
Double yolk spells doom.
Blood spot spells doom.

Doom, doom,
and more **doom!**
Tis more doom
than I can bear.



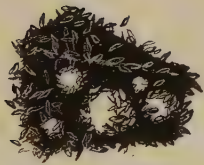
Perhaps we shall not put all our eggs
in one fiery handbasket, Sister?

Tasseomancy

Ode to oracles of long ago, seeking truth
 Three sisters, goddesses of destiny *Is this us!*
 Of the Master guiding mediations.
 Drink sour tea and scour patterns of the acrid leaves
 Interpret symbols, and discover the meaning therein.

SYMBOLS & MEANINGS

BLOOD MOON—Melancholy



CHEESE & CRUST—Death

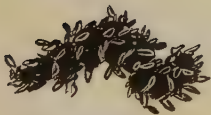
Uh-oh. I got this one. Wiiiiinnnie!

Fare thee well, Dear Sister.

I shall miss thy comforting hold.



WITCH'S MARK—Protection



MAGGOTY MALFEASANCE—Prosperity

HOCUS POCUS—Distraction

My tea leaf formed

this sha—O! A shiny thing! Distracted dolt!



*Hocus
 Pocus*

Palmistry

Foresee thy character on thy palm
 And foretell what fortune
 Lieth underneath thy skin
 Read lines of fate, moon, witch,
 Magick power, and death
 So thou might behold the knowledge to
 Take fate into thine own hands.

- 1) FATE LINE
- 2) MOON LINE
- 3) WITCH LINE
- 4) MAGICK LINE
- 5) POWER LINE
- 6) DEATH LINE

*Sisters! I have read my fate line.
 Life is but a bowl of chokecherries!*





Steeped in Dreaming

ON THE FRAGILE
DREAMS AND
NIGHTMARES, FOR THY
DERANGING AND THY
DISTORTING,

Through powers of Oneiros,
thou hast the ability to visit
dreams, to manipulate the wills
of many, to trick and deceive.
Recite these passages to control
thy victim's sleeping thought. . . .



The Fulfilling Dream

I grant thee the gift of flight without a broom,
 A future foretold in the light of the moon
 Rejoined are lost ones
 With radiance of suns
 Awaken healed and feeling
 newly hewn.

*Ahh, a beauty sleep.
 How I had hoped it would work to bring me
 back to the bloom of my youth. Dashed!*

The Haunting Nightmares

Nightmare cloaked in thistledown, quilt, and candle,
 The sunset fadeth, and thou fallest from craggy cliff
 Runnest from maddened mass
 Bangest on sarcophagus
 Arisest with brow beaded and
 shoulders stiff.

The Manipulating Dreams & Nightmares

I alight upon thy dream to twist with bane,
Controlling the course of thy still-dormant thoughts
Old is now turned new
Sky is green, grass is blue
When thou wakest, thy mind's morphed
to tie my knots.

*I could make the children dream of following me
and sleepwalk through the sweet woods!
Now if only I could make my crushes dream of me...*



Chants of Yore

ON THE OLDE SACRED CHANTS OF WITCHES, FOR
THY MANIFESTING AND THY PROTECTING,

Recite the chants of yore to connect
thyself to power of mind, body, and spirit,
and call forth thy magick most desired. . . .



Chant of Remembrance

REMEMBER, REMEMBER,
THE FIRE, THE EMBER,

REMEMBER, REMEMBER,
LEAVES DROP IN SEPTEMBER,

REMEMBER, REMEMBER
THE COVEN, EACH MEMBER,

REMEMBER, REMEMBER,
FROSTS BITE IN NOVEMBER,

REMEMBER, REMEMBER,
SNOWS FALL IN DECEMBER,

REMEMBER, REMEMBER,
THE FIRE, THE EMBER,



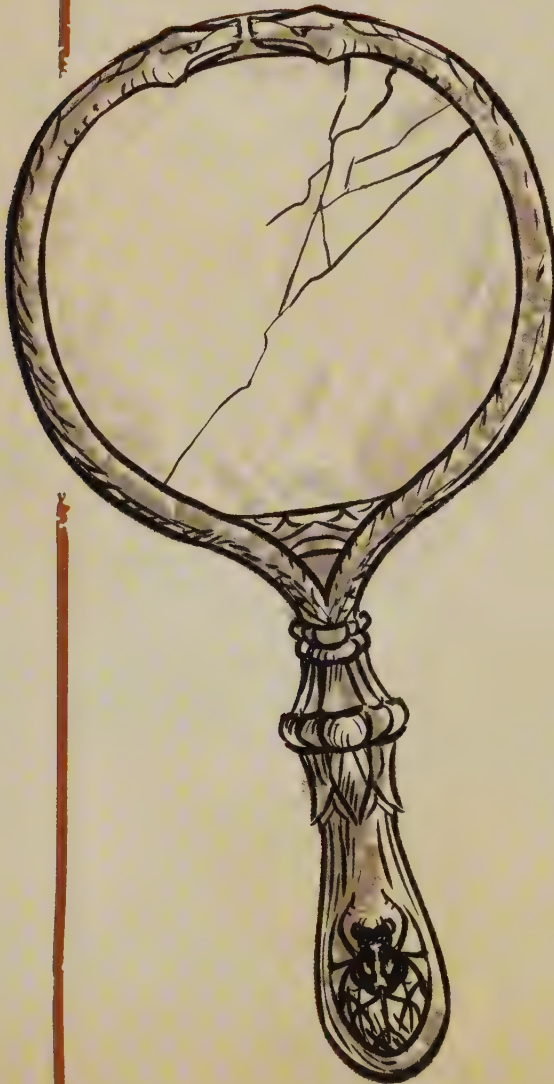
*Sister Winnie, thou must remember to use this one more often.
'Tis good for finding lost items.*

*It worked! I lost my lucky rat tail again
but remembered it was right where I left it!*

*I need to remember to stop letting you two
thundering lubberworts write in my darling book.*

Chant to Tarnish Mirror

*Make the mirror much
less clearer:*



REFLECTION
DEFLECTION

COMPLEXION
REJECTION

PERFECTION
EJECTION

PROTECTION
INFECTION

AFFECTION
ABJECTION

*To undo, wave hands
over mirror's surface,
and recite thrice:*

DIRECTION
CORRECTION

Why would anyone do such a terrible thing?!

Chant to Spoil Butter & Milk

*I would not
want to be on the
receiving end
of this chant!*

BEFORE THE DUNK
TO SLIPPRY CHUNK,
THE FUST OF FEET
TO TURN THE SWEET;
THE SCREAM OF STEAM
TO CURD THE CREAM,
THE CHURNING SCHEME,
TO SPURN THE DREAM.

*'Tis worse
than
a spoiled
appetite!*



Chant to Make Cow Sick



BOVINE MALIGN
BOVINE RESIGN
BOVINE RECLINE
BOVINE CONFINE
BOVINE ENTWINE

Followed
by the utterance:

U
UT
UTT
VTTE
UTTER
UDDER
UDDERA
UDDERAN
UDDERANC
UDDERANCE

*Who would do such a cruel
thing to a nice little cow, Winnie?*

Me.

Chant to Smell Children



I SMELL A CHILD
TENDER AND MILD;

I SMELL A CHILD
PLUMP AND BEGUILLED;

I SMELL A CHILD
WINDY AND WILD;

I SMELL A CHILD
THEIR FEARS EXILED.

My power!

*My nose always knows when
it smells a child! I think this
chant appears to make my sense
even stronger, though my
nostrils tingle and are actually
really starting to burn. . . .*

Chant to Cause Infestation



'NEATH RAFTER
AND TIDY EAVE,

RATS' NEST I DO
DARKLY WEAVE.

BUGS AND MICE
BEGIN TO PEEVE,

QUIETNESS GONE
ENOUGH TO GRIEVE.

THY WALL A SLOW-
WRITHING SLEEVE,

THY CEILING DOTH
SAG AND HEAVE.

THY FLOORBOARDS
BEGIN TO SKIVE,

THE PEACE I DO
WICKEDLY THIEVE,

LEST WARY
OCCUPANTS LEAVE.

*Infestations make for a bounty of lucky
rat tails just waiting to be gnawed!*

Chant to Make Socks Itchy

POISON IVY AND
A FIRE ANT

INSIDE THE SOCK AND
LINED IN THE PANT

LET PRICKLING SEND
TO A SCRATCHING
TRANCE

TRAPPED IN THE
SEALED BOOT,
A THRASHING DANCE

AGONIZING JERK,
THE DEED IS DONE

STOCKING TO
TORMENT AND SOCK
TO STUN.

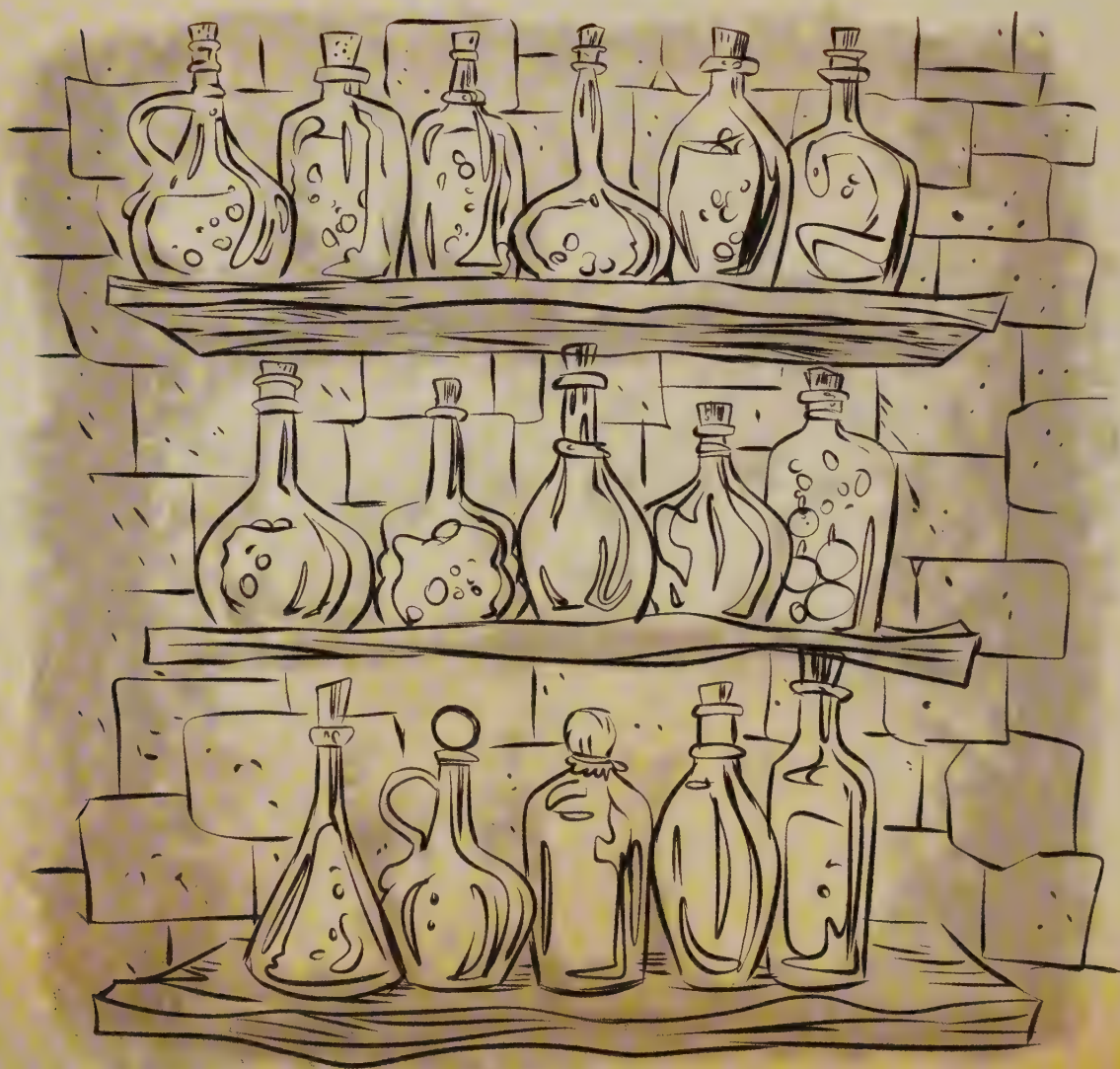


*A chant I shall attempt
to invoke on my
ungrateful sister Sarah,
that rotter!*

Persistent Potions

ON THE POTENT POTIONS OF
WITCHES, FOR THY LIPS,
OR THOSE OF THY VICTIM,

Whether stirring a draught to transform mermaid to
human, or immortal to mortal . . .



Love Potion

FOR CREATING AMOR

When love unrequited needeth but a nudge:

With the incantation of Aphrodite, with the petals of red rose, with the oil of saffron blessed under a full moon, with the stem of foxglove, with the gaunt lily.

Bring to a roiling bubble, then add three leaves of jewelweed, and hearts of palm.

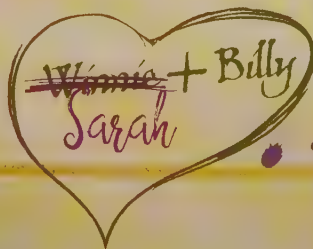


When the potion is done, pour in hollow'd pomegranate, and allow to sleep for nine days and nine nights. When 'tis complete, gift it to the person whose love thou seekest. After they drink it, stand in front of them and recite thrice:

I HAVE MADE THEE CRAVE.

It was love at first bite!

Now if we could just tie the knots...



Formula of Solace

FOR EASING TENSIONS

When clouded mind droneth with scorning thoughts of
Moros and Momus:

With the essence of nightshade, with the sprig of catnip,
with the petal of violet, with the seed of vervain, with the
bark of hawthorn,

With the bead of amber which hath been given for tempering
Bring to a simmer, then add five leaves of chickweed.

When the potion is done, add the drop of anise oil, then
anooint thyself and recite thrice:

The magick words!

I HAVE MADE MY DAUNTED THOUGHTS CALM.

All those curséd sisters of mine seem to brew up is a ruckus!



Levitation Potion

FOR LIFTING OBJECTS

When object is beyond thy reach and thou
needest it glide into thy grasp:

1 PART WEB OF SPIDER *Ah! A darling spider!*

1 PART CLUMP OF LICHEN

2 PARTS PAD OF LILY

1 PART WING OF WASP

4 PARTS DILL

3 PARTS KNOTWEED

1 PART LAUREL

2 PARTS TURNIP

1 PART GOLDENSEAL OIL

Crush and combine them in cauldron hot.

Dab the potion on thine hand, then recite thrice:

AWAKE AND FLOAT!

TAKE TO THE AIR!

RETURN HOME

TO MY TABLE AND CHAIR!

*With a finger snap, my beloved book floats
and flips through the air to me!*

BoOooOook!



Befuddling Potion

FOR CAUSING CONFUSION

When thou wishest to encircle the mind of thy victim in stinging nettles:

- 3 PARTS SAGE
- 2 PARTS LEECH
- 2 PARTS WORMWOOD
- 1 PART FORGET-ME-NOT
- 1 PART BRAIN OF NEWT
- 2 PARTS ROSEMARY
- 1 PART BUCKTHORN OIL
- 2 PARTS EXTRACT OF LLAMA

Blend them in cauldron until billowing black smoke doth appear, then let sit for one day and one night and recite once:

THOUGHTS ONCE DAGGER-SHARP SLUICE AND SLOUGH AWAY
THY MIND IS THICKETED, THOU ART MY PREY.

I attempted to use this potion on the town elders to trick them into thinking we are but kindly spinster ladies.

*I am not sure it is working. . . . Trouble is brewing!
Winnie, try again, O brilliant sister!*

I am confused!

Sleeping Draught

FOR BRINGING REST

When stalking thoughts
afame keep eyes ajar:

With the tincture of
chamomile, with the
berries of holly, with the
petal of iris, with the root
of valerian, with the leaf
of tarragon, with slime of
slug and snail, with trefoil
and crust of eye,

With the skin of poison
apple which hath been
given for drowsing, for
croaking,

When potion slosheth and spitteth, then add splinter of
spinning wheel, rose from the briar, thorn from the thicket,
and raven's feather oil. Extinguish flame, and allow to
stand for one full night. Recite thrice:

I HAVE PLUNGED THEE INTO UNYIELDING
LABYRINTH WITH THE POPPIES OF HYPNOS.

I had a dream that Winnie loved me.



Potion of Bodily Stillness

FOR STOPPING MOTION

When thy limbs quake and
flare in times of greatest strain:

With the spore of black mould,
with the leaf of woodruff, with
the essence of rockrose, with the
seed of hemlock, with the foot of
june bug, with the skull of shrew,
with the pit of withered drupe,
with the root of lady's mantle,
with caraway and jicama.

Ugh! That vile word again!

With the Seed of Doubt
which hath been given for
curing twitching spasm,
Once potion shimmereth
translucent, add a quill of

porcupine. Then ladle ample amount into glass vial with
stopper, and allow to sit for sixteen days and fifteen
nights. Before taking, recite thrice:

I HAVE BESTILLED MINE HAND
AND BESMIRCHED MINE UNEASE.

Potion of Deception

FOR CREATING A DISGUISE

When deceiving with luminous design or Apate's hunched black rag:

- 1 PART BLACK OF NIGHT
- 3 PARTS WITCH'S CACKLE
- 1 PART SCREAM OF FEAR
- 2 PARTS MUMMY DUST
- 1 PART HEART OF PIG
- 1 PART NETTLE
- 4 PARTS SHED SNAKESKIN
- 2 PARTS HAGGARD THYME
- 1 PART POWDERED SEASHELL
- 4 PARTS EYE OF NEWT

Mash with mortar and pestle and add to cauldron. When potion fizzeth and glisteneth a bilious green, add a witchetty grub, then recite once:

BEGIN NOW MY MAGICK SPELL, APPEAR MY SECRET JOKE,
CHANGE MY WITCHY RAIMENT INTO ANOTHER'S CLOAK!

I pretended I was Winnie when she was off on a particularly long flight.

Me too! Billy could not even tell. I nearly tickled him to death!

Dwindling Potion

FOR MAKING ONE SMALL

When thou needest to scrabble through doors no higher than a hare:

4 PARTS DRIED LEAF OF CORIANDER

1 PART FEATHER OF FLAMINGO

1 PART WHITE HAIR OF HARE

3 PARTS PUS OF PIMPLE

2 PARTS BOTFLY WING

1 PART MUSHROOM

2 PARTS MYRRH

2 PARTS BLUET

1 PART NIT

*Sister Mary
has plenty of
pimples on
her back!*

Add them in cauldron warm. Wait till mixture firmeth into tiny cakes, then pour liquid remnant into bottle.

Cork to stop, and recite thrice:

THE LOOKING GLASS REFLECTS
THE FORM NOW DIMINISHED!



Reversal of Potion

FOR MAKING ONE BIG AGAIN

Only the tiny cake can undo the effect of thy potion.



Healing Draught

FOR RESTORING HEALTH AND YOUTH

When sick and injured pallor of Geras gnaws at long-lost luster:

With the oil of elder flower, with the larva of praying mantis, with the bud of skullcap, with the tincture of tansy, with the sprig of basil, with the blade of fireweed, with the sweat of poison ivy, with the seed of juniper, with the dew of narcissus, with the root of saffron and wood sorrel

With the golden flower which hath been given for the softening, once potion gleameth and gloweth gold, wave thine hands o'er the cauldron, and recite once:

POTION, GLIMMER AND GLISTEN AND SHINE
BRING BACK MINE LIFE-FORCE DIVINE.

Beauty is but skin deep.

17th of August 1682

Sisters! I have lost my youthful glow over the years! Oh, it's just awful! This draught worked for only a fortnight before the wretched wrinkles reappeared! I must try another way to restore myself to a more youthful form. But how . . . ?

You do not need any draught, Sister.

You are still a mere sprig of a girl!

Blemish-Giving Potion

FOR CONJURING IMPERFECTIONS

When thy victim lacks warts
upon the flawless visage:

With the hound's-tongue, with
the wart of hog, with the drop
from the Sea of Grief, with the
bark of alder, with the oil of
walnut and turmeric, with the
dust of evening primrose, with
the seed of lupine, with the
juice of prune, with the oil of
nutmeg and castor.



With the rimpled gizzard of turkey which hath been
given for the rumpling, the crimping,

Once potion shimmereth with dappled pearlescence, add a
silkworm and a barberry. Then mix the brew with ochre
black, squeeze a single drop onto thy victim's face, and
recite thrice:

A SPELL OF SPITE TO RUCK VELLUM FAIR
GIVE MY VICTIM A FACE TO SCARE.

There is nothing worse than a putrid, festering sore on thy face.

Potion of Dishonesty

FOR MAKING OTHERS BELIEVE THY LIES

When deceit burroweth deep 'neath peat and loam:

3 PARTS OIL OF LICORICE ROOT

1 PART LILAC

8 PARTS HAIR OF TARANTULA

1 PART VIPER HEART

1 PART PEARL OF WISDOM

4 PARTS ECHINACEA

2 PARTS GOITER OF SWINE

2 PARTS COBRA RUBY

*I ♥ eating
spiders!*

*Perhaps we can trick
the town elders*

*to stop thinking us
lying jezebels!*

Mix them and add to cauldron. Once potion coalesceth
into milky pink 'tis time. Add a rotten molar of goat.

Then recite once:

TRUST IN DUST, BELIEVE THOU MUST:
WIND DOTH WAVE AND WATERS GUST.



Strength Potion

FOR BESTOWING BRAWN

When corporal resolve doth waver and creaking bones protest:

- 3 PARTS COCKROACH
- 1 PART BLOOD SAUSAGE
- 4 PARTS IRONWEED
- 4 PARTS SNAPDRAGON
- 1 PART WILLOW SEED
- 1 PART CROCODILE JAW
- 5 PARTS YELLOWJACKET
- 2 PARTS TUSK OF BOAR
- 1 PART ARM OF ANT

Crumble them and dump in cauldron. Stir sevenfold.

When potion emitteth sulf'rous odor, add hiss of tortoise,
then drain into a goblet and drink, and after recite thrice:

THE WEIGHT I WIELD LIKE ANT UPHILL
WITH STONE ON BACK AND NEVER STILL.

A dose of this potion seemeth to have strengthened me, but now
I am perhaps too strong! I went to fling an ingredient
into the cauldron and it flew right over it and straight
through the wall!

I blame Mary!

Sorry, Winnie! Wouldst thou like to jab me?

Flight Potion

*How is this
different from
the Levitation
Potion?*

FOR BESTOWING FLIGHT

When ground draweth thee down in slow strides of muck
and molasses:

Without the hefty rock, without the pull of earth

With the featherweight, with the floating of feet, with
the sheer rising, with the agile gliding, with the buoyant
jaunting, with the graceful swooping, with the airy stream
through wood and cloud

With the seed of mustard, with the seed of chokecherry
and hyssop, with the clipping of agrimony, with the oil of
mugwort, with the sedge of fern, with the feather of raven,
with the powder of moth, with the dust of Minthe, with
the whirl of dandelion

With the will o' the wisp which hath been given for the
nimble hov'ring,

Add them to cauldron until potion breatheth a swimming
white cloud. Then anoint thy broom, and recite once:

COME! I FLY! FROM PATH OF
DIRT TO PATH OF SKY!

Life Potion

FOR RESTORING THY YOUTH

When time carveth lines, and the cruel
end doth threaten:

Begin by taking a child young and supple,
tender and pretty, then continue with
the potion:

With the slime of hagfish, with the
powder of rue, with the drop of rosewater,
with the dash of pox, with the dab of
saliva of newt, with the two drops of oil
of boil, with the dead man's toe.

Add them to cauldron, and stir thrice.
Contents should form a purple-pink mist.

With piece of thine own tongue which hath been given for
the ebbing,

Bring to a hissing green simmer, then pour down the
child's gullet. Observe, for when the skin of the child flareth
with a life-force most misty, breathe in the gleaming
essence, and thou shalt be young and spry once more.

CHILD, VICTIM, OUR HOLIEST GRAIL,
THY GLOWING AURA WE SHALL INHALE.

This!
This may
just do
the trick!





Fulsome Hexes, Curses & Spells

ON THE SACRED SPELLS OF WITCHES,
FOR THY CURSING AND HEXING HAND,

Thou hast learned many ways of the witch, but none are so powerful as the sacred spells, the hankering hexes, the cruelest curses. These spells require a heightened level of focus and growth.

Let thine intention clear, and let thy words build and swell with the weight of thy darkest wish.

12th of May 1685

'Tis impressive Winnie can memorize so many spells!

Apparently, Sister Winnie hath difficulty
committing potion recipes to memory.

Remember, Winnie! Remember!

Shut your yaps!

Sister Sarah cannot spell or spell!



Bitter Hexes

The most vile punishment taketh the shape of the spell.
 Turning thy victim into a wooden puppet . . . A terrible
 horned beast . . . A candlestick or a carpet . . . Stealing thy
 victim's voice and assuming their corporal form . . . Inducing
 an endless sleep with the prick of a single finger . . .
 The most foul spell can also come in the hiss of the tiniest
 hex. The best hex starteth small and groweth like a hook
 of ivy creeping 'cross the trellis till 'tis all-consuming. . .
 Maladies . . . Ailments . . . Afflictions . . .



Aha! My most
 dangerous spells!

They have a
 wonderful way
 of lingering, I've
 found. . . .

Winnie, wouldst
 thou like to hex me
 if it maketh thee
 feel better?

Bitter Hexes



ABSCCESS

ACHES

ACNE



BEDBUGS

BRONCHITIS

BLISTERS *Burning Rash* *Burping!*



CACKLING COUGH

CAVITY *Winnie practiced on me, and it worked!*

CYST *I have since filled the rot with gold.*

Creaking Bones. The horror!



DIZZINESS

DROOPING

DRY MOUTH

Bitter Hexes



EARACHE

EYE INFECTION

EYELASH CRUST *Eyesores. The two of you.*



FEVER

FLEAS *Edth*

FLU



GAS

GIZZARD *Ugh!*

GUM RECESSION



HAY FEVER *Hackles! Haunches! Hooves!*

HEAD LICE

HOOKWORM

Bitter Hexes



ILLUSIONS

IMPETIGO

INSOMNIA *Irritable Bowel Syndrome*



JAMMED TOE

JIGGLING ENDLESSLY

JITTERS *Joint Pain*



KEELING OVER

KIDNEY STONES

KNUCKLE PUS



LETHARGY *Laryngitis! Perhaps, Sister*

LEG CRAMPING *Sarah, thou needest to work*

LIVER SPOTS

*on the placement of thy
voice when singing songs to
ensure healthy cords . . . ?*



Bitter Hexes



MIGRAINE

MUMPS

MUSCLE ACHES



NAIL FUNGUS

NAUSEA

NOSEBLEED *This would be very bad for me.*



OOZING EYEBALLS

OUTBREAK OF BOILS

OVERFLOWING BLADDER

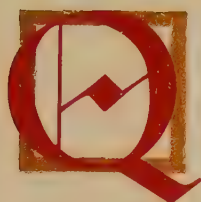


PETRIFICATION *Parched Throat!*

POLYPS

PATCH OF POX *Poison used to silence
unfaithful lovers!*

Bitter Hexes



QUACKING LOUDLY
QUELLING
QUIVER AND QUAKE



RANCOR
RELENTLESS HUMMING
RUNNY NOSE



SCARLET FEVER
SHINGLES
SNEEZING FITS *Spider Veins*



TICKS
TONSILLITIS
TOOTHACHE



Bitter Hexes

*Hath Winnie hexed Mary? She hath been
burping for many a moon!*



UPSET STOMACH

UNRAVELING INTESTINES

UGLINESS



VENOM

VEEXATION

VOMIT



WEAKNESS

WHIPWORM

WRINKLES *The worst hex of them all.*



XANTHOMA

XEROPHTHALMIA

XYLOPHAGIA

Bitter Hexes



YAK BREATH

YAWNING INFINITELY

YEAST OF THE NECK *Yelping*



ZAPPED ENERGY

ZIGZAGGING STEPS

ZOMBIE STITCHES

What an intriguing idea . . .



Unsavory Curses

Curses! What a treat.

And now for blasphemous punishments most
brutish, whose forsaken magick wieldeth greater
lasting effect than a Fulsome Hex, whose devious
casting invoketh Arae and requireth a stronger
degree of thy magick: Unsavory Curses . . .

May these insuff'able curses work to transform
thy victim into a frog or bear, or worse. . . .

Winnie hath the curse of always being right.

And she's always cursing me under her breath.

And I have the curse of having two thundering cats for sisters!



Curse of Eternal Dancing

Bewitch thy victims into dancing eternally
until their demise;

The limbs will flail and shimmy, an
uncontrollable writhing that will continue,
on and on and on, with or without a tune
to inspire. Side to side, feet will tire. Side
to side, muscles will give way. Side to side,
the body will sway. There is no stillness.

The Command

NOCTE SALTA TOTA
DIE SALTA TOTO
SALTA AETERNALITER
DUM NON POSSIS
SALTARE SALTA

*Oh, this curse soundeth like a most
joyous blessing, sisters! I love to dance and prance!*

*This curse worked wonders
at the town council meeting
we crashed. . . .*

Curse of Swine

When visitor steppeth foot past thy threshold and thou
wishest them stay

Change them into something to ensure they remain more
than a day.

With bristles, spots, warts, and hooves, with squeals and
oinking, the snorting, snuffling swine cannot run far when
trapped in thy sty. And over time, it shall forget who it
once was, and succumb to remaining thy pet, with its only
joys the rolling in the mud, the squelch of thy step.

The Command

MUTA CIRCE HOMINEM IN SUEM
ET SUS VIVAT IN SORDIDA HARA
ET SUS NUMQUAM EGREDIATUR EX INSULA

We love when Winnie turneth meddlesome souls into animals!

Yes! We never know which beast Winnie is going to pick!

Why, thank you, sisters. Now behave, or you shall be next up!

Curse of Wolf

The night, full moon, giveth white fur. The howl, guttural
hunger. The change with each watchful Mother Moon.

May this curse last for an eternity of prowling, with just
the panting tread. Lone wolf, padding the corners of ev'ry
wood and glen, a solitary fate, a howl that is not met with
response. Alone, thy victim taketh to its haunches and crieth.

The Command

BRISTLES AND FUR NOW COAT THE BEING
LUPUS SOLUS GRADITUR
CANINE FANGS AND YELLOW EYES DO STING
LUPUS SOLUS GRADITUR
RELEASE A HOWL AND LET IT RING
LONE-WOLF-HOUND



Curse of Cat

I shall reserve this spell for a most detestable little child.

Transform thy victim into a creature of superstition: the cat. A hissing, bristling bad omen, bound to a body most intolerable. This fulsome punishment lingereth and lasteth like the best of them. For this curse is forever, a lifetime trapped in the feline form. A cruel fate for anyone, a soul strapped to the Everlasting Life.

The Command

CURVE THE BONES WITH ARCH IN SPINE

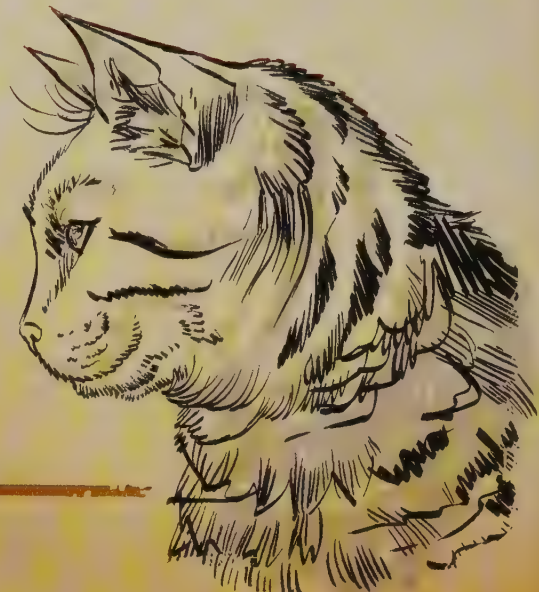
FI FELES FUSCA PELLIS

BODY WANE WITH MEWLING WHINE

FI FELES FUSCA PELLIS

SPROUT THICK BLACK FUR WITH LIVES NINE

LET-IT-BE



Curse of Dog *Rrrrruff!*

Thou canst not teach old dogs new tricks, as Winnie says!

The less dignified canine, common terrier, with undesirable traits powerless, pathetic, and dependent. The itch cannot be scratched. The fleas, the ticks, the determined burs. May the bark of this curse be worse than its bite. A dog without an owner cannot care for itself.

It beggeth for scraps, and stalketh heels for a lifetime.
Its whine deterreth and no one offereth a hand for fear.
Heinous, horrible mutt, forever muzzled.

The Command

BARK AND BITE AND BARE THE TEETH
AMICUS OPTIMVS NEMINIS
YIP AND YAP AND YOWL BEQUEATH
AMICVS OPTIMVS NEMINIS
SLEEPING-DOG-WAKE

29th of December 1690

We shall all look as mangy as dogs if we
do not make that Life Potion soon. . . .

My Plot to Be Young Again:

1. I shall brew the Life Potion to restore my youth.
2. Sister Mary will sniff out a child.
3. Sister Sarah will lure the child to our abode.
4. I shall use the potion to drain the child of their life-force!

Curse of Llama

Change thy victim into a creature most useless: the llama, a yawning, spitting beast. Reserved for the king most callous. Give the two ears.

Next, the neck, tall and woolly. Then the four hooves, and face with horrid long tooth.

Last, the body, a walking shaggy rug. A fate worse than death.

The Command

CARTILAGE, CRACK, FOR EARS TO EXTEND
 LLAMA IMPERATOR NIHIL REGIT
 FACE, ELONGATE, FOR TOOTH TO DESCEND
 LLAMA IMPERATOR NIHIL REGIT
 BODY, BEND, FOR THE CURSE TO DISTEND
 NOW-'TIS-DONE

*I have learned Sarah has been seeing
 my dear Billy in secret!*

*I would use this curse to bring
 forth my revenge, but I do not think it would
 be punishment enough. . . .*

Protection from Curses

To protect
thyself from these
punishments, recite
the mantra:

PROTECT
THYSELF FROM
PUNISHMENT
GREAT
PROTECT
THINE
HEART
PROTECT
THY
FACE
AND KEEP
THYSELF FREE
OF CURSES
MIGHTY
AND
SMALL



Spells & Spell Preparation

I can spell Boys!
B-O-Y-S!
Boys!

ON THE ARTISTRY OF ONEROUS SPELLS,
FOR THY PRACTICING
AND THY CASTING,



At long last, the spells, the truest mark of the witch, requiring sageness and most focused magick, the keenest and most fastidious skills . . . All thy practice and toil have led thee here. . .

Begin with the preparation of candle making to light the way for thy spells. . . .

Ahh!
My most powerful spells at last . . .

They are almighty, Winnie!



Process of Preparation

Squeeze the lard of lover long lost into thy cauldron
Add a strand of greasy hair for the wiry wick of the tip
Carve thy symbols and runes into the side of the candle
that carry the essence of thy spell's marked intention
Call upon the Witches of Yore, and recite thrice:

CANDELA VOLUNTATE MEA FLAMMET

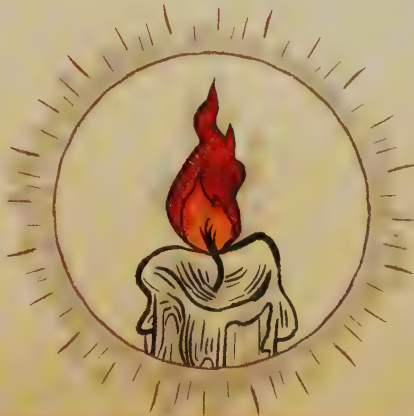
Spell to Travel to the Past

RUBY FLAME CANDLE

When lit by a witch on the night of the
Blood Moon, the candle shineth
to allow the witch to control the
Winds of Change, for but one day.

Recite the words below:

NEATH HARVEST MOON FAIR
WHEN THE NIGHT IS PRIME
A WITCH WILL WIELD THE AIR
AND TURN BACK THE TIME.
REMEA AD PRAETERITUM
VENTI TEMPORIS



Spell to Drain a Witch of Magick

EMERALD FLAME CANDLE

When lit by a witch on the night of the
Moon After Yule, the candle burneth to
allow the witch to strip another of their
Divine Powers, for but one night.

Recite the words below:

COME MOON OF COLD HOURS

BEFORE YULE AND HAIL

DRAIN A WITCH OF ALL POWERS

TO RENDER THEM FRAIL.

POTENTIAS EXHAURI

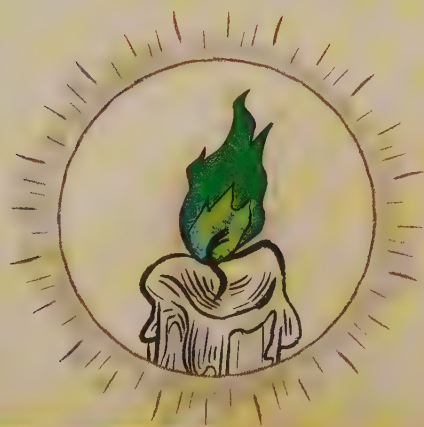
MALEFICA IMPOTENS

*Those trollinog sisters
of mine would not dare
attempt this.*

*Then again, they lack the
power to conjure any spell.*

*We would never,
Winnie!*

*If I am not
mistaken, Sister
Sarah . . . ?*



Spell to Summon Familiars Arcane

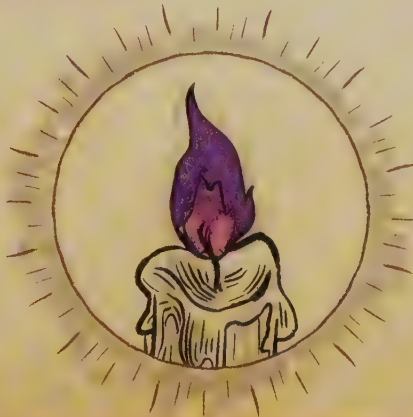
VIOLET FLAME CANDLE

When lit by a witch on the night of the Rotten Egg
Moon, the candle sputtereth to allow the witch to summon
the Age-Old Familiars of Yore, for but one day.

Recite the words below:

EGG MOON IN THE NORTH
SIGNALLETH SUMMING STAGE
COME ANCIENT FAMILIAR FORTH
OF WITCH WISE AND SAGE.
ANIMALIA FIDA FIDELIS SERVI

I wish to summon Mummy's toad!
I hear he was secretly a prince waiting to be kissed!



Spell to Resurrect the Dead

BLACK FLAME CANDLE

*Black
Flame
Candle!*

When lit by a virgin on All Hallows' Eve, the candle
gloweth to allow witches to come back to life, for but one night.

At sun's first light, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Eternal life can be granted if the returning witches can
concoct the potion and drain the lives of children.

Recite the words below:

ON ALL HALLOWS' EVE

WITH THE FULL MOON PALE

ONE WILL CUT THY LEAVE

FROM BEYOND THE VEIL.

VOC A MORTVOS MALEFICAE RESVRGUNT





Magician's Spell

To reach witches Beyond
the Veil, utter the eleven
divine and mystic names:

GUNNILDA ARDEN

O DELINA ARDEN

ISOLDE FITZROU

MATHILDA PICARDY

EVE HARVEY

AMICE HARVEY

FRANCES HARVEY

CECILY SANDERISSON

EMMA SANDERISONE

DRUSCILLA SANDERSON

Doth this mean that I shall be able to talk with Mother again?

*Ha! Thou hast fluff where a brain should reside!
We must utter eleven names, yet this list only names ten!*

Exchange Spell

If thou seekest to bring back a lost one, find a victim in the present and recite this spell to force them to trade places with the desired lost one, even if the lost one writhes in the realms of the Beyond.

The Incantation

SOME INSIDE
AND SOME WITHOUT,

ONE BELIEVES
AND ONE HOLDS
DOUBT.

ON ALL HALLOWS' EVE
'ERE TWELVE
IS STRUCK,

TRADE... SOULS
UNTIL SUNUP.

*I would like to exchange Mary,
and with her gone, I'd summon
a handsome devil.*

*Oh, look. Is this not a clever little spell?
Though it could spell disaster. . . .*

*Winnie, I am under thy spell!
I live to serve thee!*



Regurgitating Life Spell *Blech!*



HEREBY I WITH
MOONLIGHT SANCTIFY,
AND HISS UPON THE
TWELVE TABLES...

TRICK US, TRAP US,
TRY YE MIGHT,

OUR SPIRITS RETURN
ONE DARK NIGHT:

ALL HALLOWS' EVE,
WHEN THE FLAME
IS LIT:

A FRESH SOUL WILL
BECKON US FROM THE
FIERY PIT.

*I shall see to it my addlebrained sisters stop
dawdling about and gather 'round to memorize this
fascinating incantation. . . . It could prove useful one day. . . .*

I have gladly memorized it for thee, Winnie!

Blazing Inferno Spell

ABLAZE I WITH HADES SUPPLYING,
AND SIC THE BELCHING WORMS AT THEE...

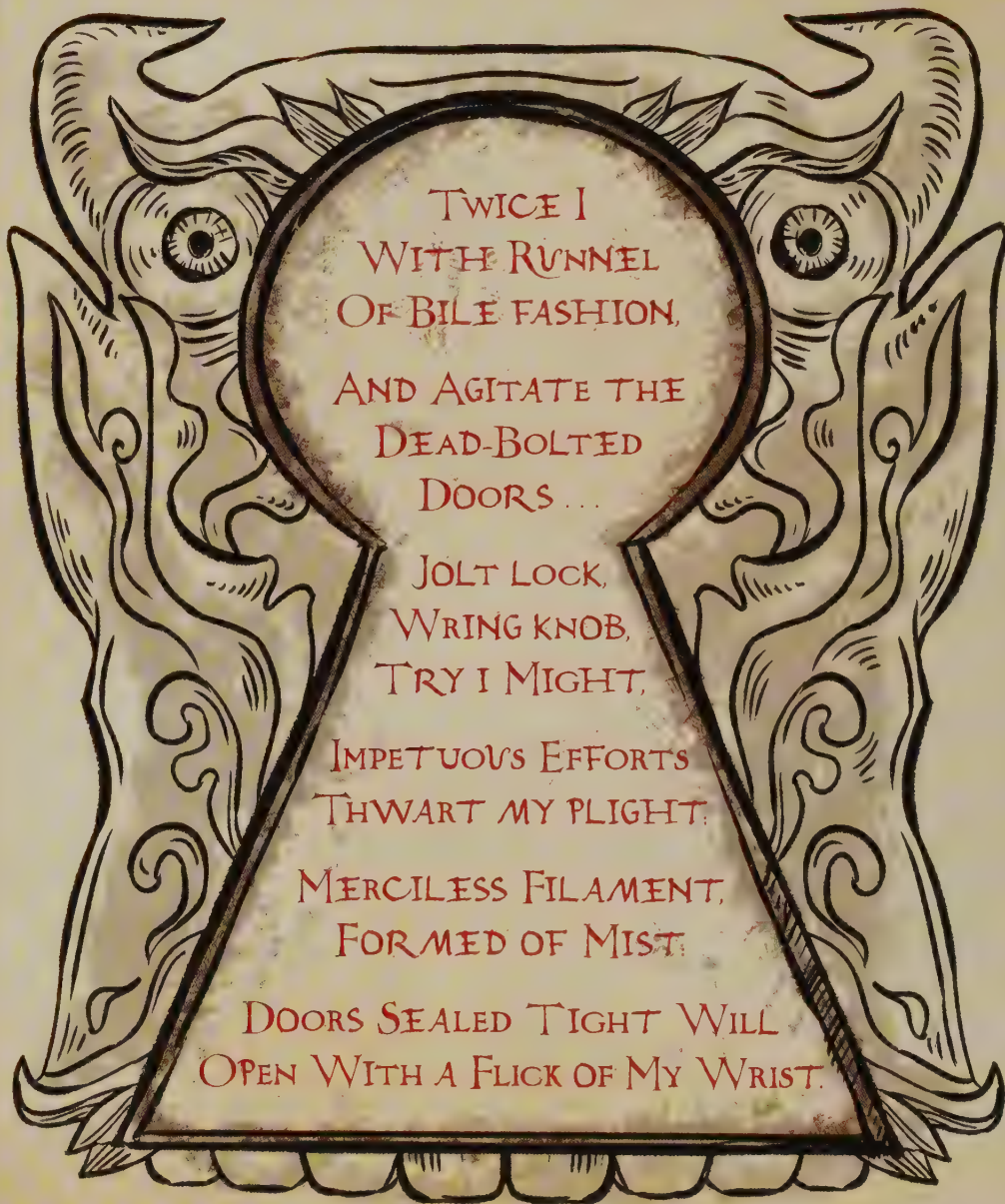
SNAKE UP LATTICE, LICK AT SILL,
THE FOUNDATIONS CRUMBLE AND SPILL:
WOOD TO ASHY HEAP OF SULF'ROUS SMOKE.

I BREATHE IN THE HONEY-SWEET AIR
WHILST OTHERS CHOE.

I started a fire in the village. It was beautiful!



Unlock-Door Spell



TWICE I
WITH RUNNEL
OF BILE FASHION,
AND AGITATE THE
DEAD-BOLTED
DOORS ...
JOLT LOCK,
WRING KNOB,
TRY I MIGHT,
IMPETUOUS EFFORTS
THWART MY FLIGHT,
MERCILESS FILAMENT,
FORMED OF MIST
DOORS SEALED TIGHT WILL
OPEN WITH A FLICK OF MY WRIST.

2nd of June 1692

I wonder if this spell doth work on hearts...

A MOST
Definite, Peculiar, and Real Finding of
VVITCHES.

Being observed by some of the farmers, as they were flying on broom sticks in the upper regions of sky and riding them over the fields and tree tops of Salem Village.

Together with the echoes of chanting by the harbor, with the sick milk cow and the afflicted maiden.



Printed by Samuel Parris, 1692.

The blasted townspeople are on to us again, sisters!
We need be more secretive! Curse that Samuel Parris! Curse him!

Why curse him when we can hex his child, Winnie?
'Tis the worst kind of retribution!

We have tried tormenting little Betty Parris but 'tis not enough!
Let us steal her away!

Jealousy Spell



TWICE I WITH SAGE
JEALOUSY BESMIRCH,
AND LODGE ENVY
WITHIN THINE
HEART ...

EACH LONG SIP I TAKE,
THOU THIRSTEST,
WHILE I FLOURISH AND
BUD, THOU ART CURSED:

ONE JOYOUS DAY,
WHEN I POSSESS ALL:
THOU SHALT FEEL
BEREFT AND
SUCCUMB TO
THY DOWNFALL.

*My dearest Billy
has gone missing!
I hope he returns
soon.*

Foot-Tripping Spell

ONCE I WITH ELEGANCE AERIFY,
AND TRAIPISE INTO THY STEADY FIELD ...
ROCK THEE, SWAY THEE,
THY CUMBROUS STRIDE,
ONE FOOT RISETH WHILE THE
OTHER DOTH SLIDE.
OBDURATE FOOT, DEFY MY SPELL NOT:
TANGLE WITH THE OTHER FOOT AND
FALL ON THE SPOT.



Obscurity Spell



THRICE I WITH DOMINION CLARIFY,
AND SEIZE THE BOON OF THE COVEN...
FAZE US, THRILL US, WHAT YE WILL,
THE COVEN SHALL NOT DRINK THY NECTAR-SWILL:
WHILST THOU FADEST TO RUIN,
I SHALL IMPRESS:
A PROMINENT WITCH FAVORED ABOVE
ALL THE REST.

My prattling enemies will meet their doom with this spell.

Stitched-Mouth Spell

DECEPTIVE FRIEND POISONED JUST,
HOLD THEE STILL WHILST I STITCH DISGUST.
OUR SECRETS BOUND FOREVERMORE,
A MOTH-SEALED MOUTH TO SETTLE THE SCORE.

VENGEANCE IS NE’ER LOUD,
IN SILENCE THOU HAST BOWED.

THRICE I WITH STRAND OF
THREAD SUTURE FAST,
AND MARRY LOWER LIP
TO UPPER...

CALL ME, CURSE ME,
MUMBLES ALL,
MY WRATHFUL CORD WILL
SILENCE THY DRAWL:
THROUGH DRIVEL AND SNIVEL,
WITH MOTH ON THY TONGUE:
ANOTHER UNTRUE TUNE
WILL NEVERMORE BE SUNG.

*I shall cast this spell on that two-timing
Billy Butcherson. That'll keep his
mouth shut, even in death!*

We mustn't tell Sister Sarah, Winnie!



Witchsongs

ON THE VOCATION OF SCHEMING WITCHSONGS,
FOR THE MALLEABLE AND FOR THE UNYIELDING.

Through the siren songs of the witch, crops crisp on stalks
and star-crossed furies fall in love. . . .



We sing in
perfect harmony.
We are the
Daughters
of Discord!

Very good,
Sister Sarah.
Though
I prefer
Daughters of
Darkness.

Winnie,
I love when
you sing for
your boooook!

The Heart's Chord

ON THE WITCHSONG TO FALL IN LOVE,

A sibilant spell which beguileth distant
souls to be enamored and forfeit for sake
of love.

When cooed to the tune of a ballad,
One will exist with affection valid,
And begin a banter, with ogling eye
With full heart in thy hand, thy limit
the sky.

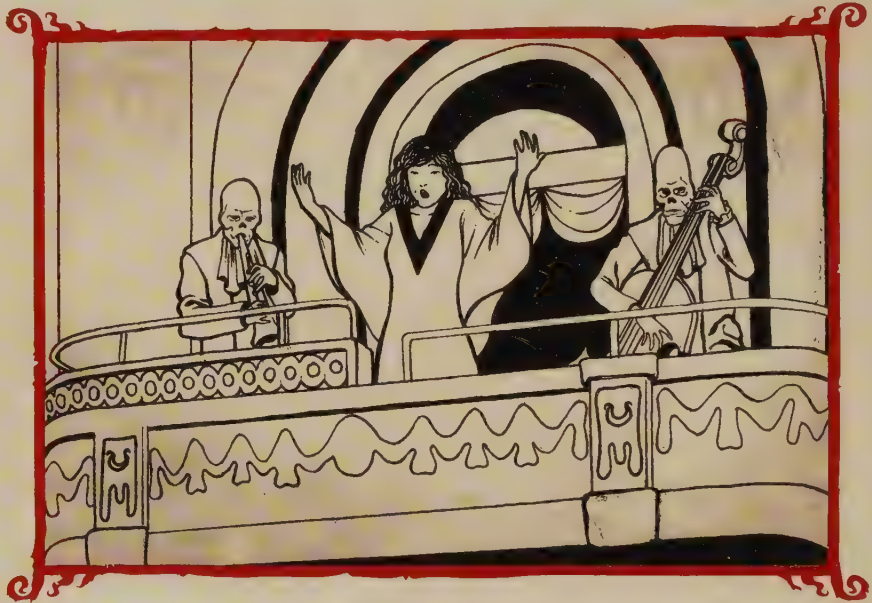
BEAT, LONELY HEART,
I'LL MAKE THEE SKIP,
AND SOFTEN THY
SPOT FOR ANOTHER
BEAT, LONELY HEART,
THE SPARK'S IN MY GRIP,
A LIFETIME TO SWEETLY
SMOTHER.



*Sisters! I am not getting any younger. The Life Potion!
Perhaps we can take the child from the Putnams . . .
or better yet, the Binxes.*

The Mind's Chord

ON THE WITCHSONG TO CHANGE ONE'S MIND,



A cunning spell which captivateth clever minds
to assume thine advice and thy direction.

When sung to the tune of a jaunty air,
Thy victim obeyeth without a care,
To do as thou wilt, thine influence won,
The tide in thy favor when long day is done.

HARK, SACRED HOPES, I'LL GIVE THEE PEACE,
FOLLOW MINE ORDERS WITHOUT DELAY,
HARK, SACRED HOPES, THE WOOL'S IN THE FLEECE,
LET THINE INNER THOUGHTS FADE AWAY.

The Master's Chord

ON THE WITCHSONG TO SUMMON CHILDREN,

A cogent spell which beckoneth young ones
to pursue thy voice and thy fancy.

When sung to the lay of a lullaby,
All young souls who hear thine enchanting cry,
Are lost in a deep trance, till baleful deed is done,
Their essence yours to gasp when nowhere left to run.

COME, SLEEPY YOUNGSTERS, I'LL LEAD THEE AFAR,
INTO A REALM OF BEWITCHMENT,
COME, SLEEPY YOUNGSTERS, TRAIL MY BRIGHTEST STAR,
FOLLOW MINE HONEYSUCKLE SCENT.

'Tis a song that couldst lure the children! They shall follow the candy-
sweet scent of my song! I shall summon one of the Binx children at
once! I shall start with the eldest boy, Thackery!

'Tis a wonderful scent of hyacinth and plumeria . . .
before all senses go bye-bye.

'Tis almost All Hallows' Eve. . . . The time draws near.

Go, Sister Sarah. Fetch a wretched brat from town. Not
the Binx boy. The Binx girl! She is younger, with more life-
force to snip. Go! Make haste. I shall ready the Life Potion.
We shall be young and beautiful again.



Vow of the Red Witch

NOW THAT THOU HAST STUDIED
THY WORDS 'TIS TIME TO
CEMENT THY TEACHINGS.

Once thou practicest all things laid out
here within, thy spell book shall wipe clean,
and replenish with pages anew, to convey thee
on thy path of knowledge and witchcraft.

Come—thy crooked path hath but begun.
Use these final pages to state thine
intentions beyond this book and bind thyself
to thy magick forevermore.

Perdurable Vow of Evil

Once you have read all thy book hath
to give, recite this vow to confirm thine
intent to carry out the teachings of these
pages till thou meetest thy final fate.

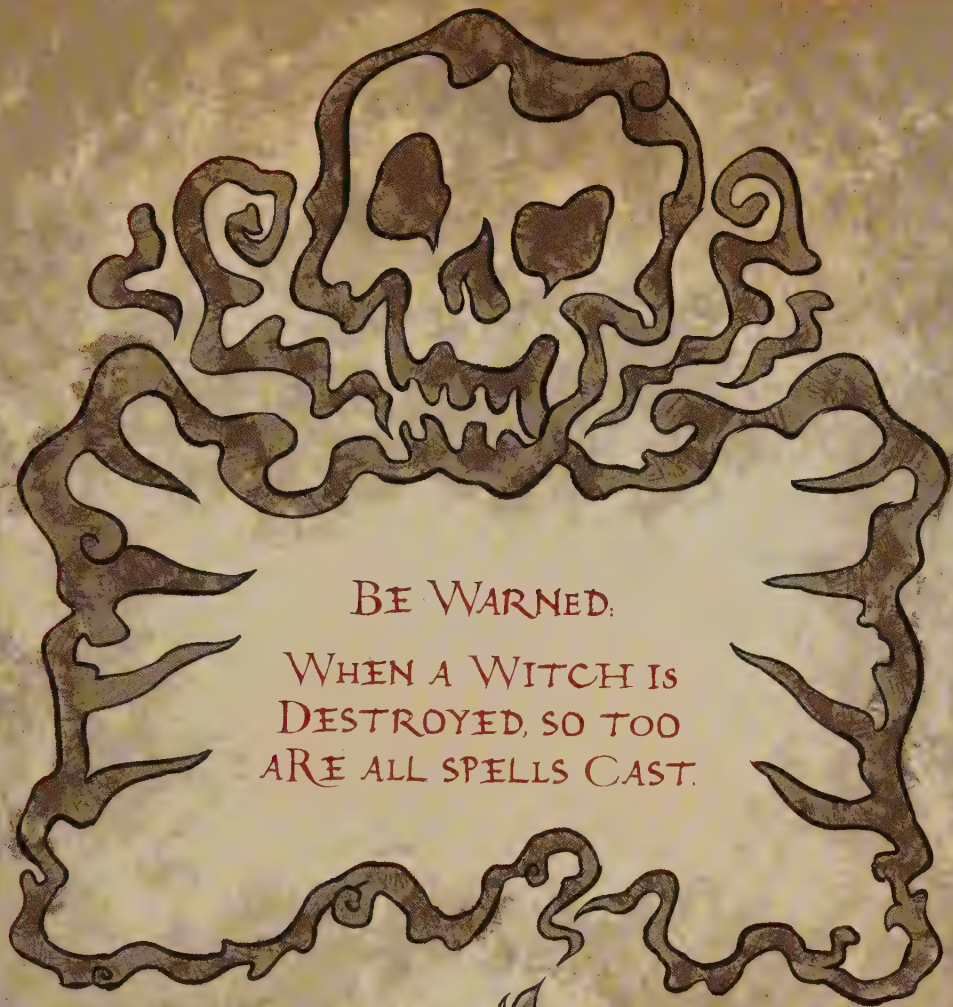
The Vow
IN ITINERE INVENTIONIS
PENITAE PERREXI

*We are young again!
But the townspeople have come for us!
Shall I prepare a swan song, sisters?*

*Ha! That will be the day, sisters.
We are nitches. We are evil.
We are beautiful once again! We shall prevail!*

*Thou art so right, Winnie.
'Tis nothing carved in stone. Uh-oh. Bye-bye.*





BE WARNED:
WHEN A WITCH IS
DESTROYED, SO TOO
ARE ALL SPELLS CAST.



Here Scrawl Thine Own Vow. . . .

I vow to steal hearts and souls. — Gunnilda Arden

I vow to never apologize. — Odelina Arden

I vow to punish mine enemies. — Isolde Fitzrou

I vow to belittle mine adversaries. — Mathilda Picardy

I vow to lie and cheat. — Eve Harvey

I vow to deceive. — Amice Harvey

I vow to hold all grudges. — Frances Harvey

I vow to put beauty above all else. — Cecily Sanderisson

I vow to step on the necks of my competitors. — Emma Sanderisone

I vow to never have children. — Druscilla Sanderson

31st of October 1693

I vow to recapture my youth. — Winifred Sanderson

I vow to serve my dear sister Winnie! — Mary Sanderson

I vow to have boys fall in love with me! — Sarah Sanderson

LET THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK REFLECT
THY DEEPEST DESIRES...

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

AHA! I see you trying to look inside
my beloved spell book. This spell book has
been passed down through generations of
Sanderson witches, and you may find that I
and my sisters have added a few of our own
words of wisdom to its pages. Be warned!
This guide to the ways of the Red Witch is
not for the faint of heart, and the potions,
spells, and hexes should not be attempted, lest
you meet an unfortunate fate.

Winifred
Sarah
Mary



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